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The New Statesman and Nation, April 22, 1933

The Moscow Trial

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

Incorporating *The Athenæum*

Vol. V. No. 113 (New Series) **SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1933** [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **SIXPENCE**

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . *Page* 493
MOSCOW AND THE BIG STICK 495
HITLER'S WAY 497
A LONDON DIARY 497
THE MAN WHO SAW. By Y. Y. 498
A COLLEGE IN THE GOLD COAST. By Dr. Norman Leys 499
THE HOUSING PROGRAMME. By Sir Raymond Unwin and Sir Ernest Simon 500
CORRESPONDENCE 502
From J. F. Horrabin: T. E. Naylor; Lord Alfred Douglas; Hubert M. Wilson; A. E. E. R.; Stuart Hodgson; Emery Walker, Ltd.; Ben. W. Vincent; T. Sharp; Clough Williams-Ellis
THE LION THAT LOST ITS WAY. By J. H. Driberg 503
GOEBBELS AND FURTWÄNGLER. By W. J. Turner . 504
PLAYS AND PICTURES . . . . . *Page* 505
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 506
REVIEWS:
New Novels. By Raymond Mortimer . . . 507
A History of Ideas. By C. E. M. Joad . . 507
A Tale Within a Tale 508
Albert Schweitzer. By Lyn Ll. Irvine . . . 509
Napoleon: A Commentary. By Richard Strachey 510
Salonica. By Robert Byron 510
A Family of Diarists. By Brian Roberts . . 511
The Great Genoese 512
France From the Inside 512
SHORTER NOTICES 512
ABOUT MOTORING 514
PLAYTIME. By Caliban 516
THE WEEK IN THE CITY 518

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MR. MACDONALD will arrive for his four-day stay in Washington at the culminating moment in President Roosevelt's execution of his economic programme. Debts and the agenda of the Economic Conference will be discussed while the American background is itself changing like a quick-motion picture. Both psychologically and materially these whirlwind changes in the domestic scene may further the reconsideration of international indebtedness. Public opinion is hopeful and confident, and begins to see, through what has already been accomplished in these few weeks, the roads to recovery open. Compared with the load of internal debt already lifted from the shoulders of the embarrassed house-owner and farmer in the United States, these foreign debts will look trivial.

The U.S.A. and Gold

Grateful for mercy himself, the Middle Western farmer may be more willing to show it to others. The workers look forward to relief from several quarters—great reclamation works, the enlistment of a Labour Corps, the restarting of building by slum clearance aided by national loans, and finally the thirty-hour week imposed by law on all concerns that trade beyond a single State. The next step is to raise prices by a change in monetary policy. It is unlikely that the President will follow the large section of his Party which wishes to lower the gold content of the dollar. More probably he will inflate by issuing bonds of small denomination to finance public works, which will be readily convertible into currency. The anticipation of some such measure has caused this week a heavy drop in the exchange value of the dollar, so that on Wednesday the pound touched $3.81, and Mr. Roosevelt has been obliged to put a complete embargo on the export of gold. A lower dollar will itself ease the payment of debt. His object may be to drive the world to return to gold at a lower level.

The War in the Far East

The Japanese armies are now in occupation of a vast stretch of territory south of the Great Wall. There are important British and American interests in this area—as well as a great many Chinese corpses. It was reported early in the week that 7,000 Chinese wounded had been moved into Peking, and that about 4,000 are believed to have been killed in the recent fighting, and another 3,000 so badly wounded that they could not be brought in. Tientsin and Peking are pretty close to the theatre of war, and though the Japanese scout the suggestion that they have any designs on these places, the Chinese can hardly be expected to believe them. The aims of Japan must now, indeed, be clear even to the Western statesmen who could not or would not see them, and who prevented the League of Nations from nipping a dangerous adventure in the bud. The danger is extending steadily, and the day will come when it will be a serious threat to British

interests. For the moment, apart from China, it is Russia that is most directly menaced. The Russians, it is certain, do not want war with Japan; they have taken, and will take, immense pains to avoid it. Whether the Japanese are equally averse to war with Russia, we are not so sure. They are at present showing their teeth in a very ugly fashion.

The Terror in Germany

On another page of this issue we print an account, by a German eye-witness, of the doings and the policy of the Nazi regime. The process of Hitlerisation, so far as we can see (and we can see a great deal farther than Nazi apologists think), spells little but mischief either for Germany or for the world outside. The persecution goes on, and even the slight relief in respect of Jewish lawyers that we welcomed last week is an illusion, it now appears. The latest reports tell of drastic purgings of Jewish doctors from the hospitals, of Jewish teachers from the schools, and of "Marxist" books from the municipal libraries. Of the reaction abroad to their excesses the Nazis take little notice, except to make childish denials and accuse foreigners of ignorance and exaggeration. The debate in the House of Commons last week showed the strength of public opinion, regardless of party, in this country; but its only effect in Germany was to produce a tirade in the press and a protest by the Wilhelmstrasse against Sir John Simon for associating himself and the British Government with the critics. So far as the foreign policy of the Reich is concerned, it gives ample ground for general alarm—save perhaps in Italy. The word peace occurs occasionally in Herr Hitler's speeches; but a bellicose spirit is rampant throughout Germany, and there is no secret about the resurgence of militarism and the progress of military preparations. There is, of course, a great body of peace-loving Germans, but they are gagged and impotent.

Austria and Her Neighbours

Dr. Dolfuss, the Austrian Chancellor, was, like several other eminent persons, in Rome at Easter. He talked with Signor Mussolini, and declared when he came home that "Austria has a sincere friend in the south on whom she can count at any time, and who will always support us on questions of international politics." Is not that a trifle too optimistic? Whether Austria can count on Italy's unqualified support surely depends on Austria's policy. And what is Austria's policy? At home she is at sixes and sevens. Dr. Dolfuss's coalition Government of Christian Socials and Heimwehr holds shakily together with a majority of one. Such constitutionalism as it maintains is threatened by the growing power of the Nazis, and it will have no dealings with the Socialists. On "questions of international politics" there are those who want union with Germany—to which Signor Mussolini has not yet lent any support. There are others who talk of reunion with Hungary, which Herr Hitler would strenuously oppose. Austria, in fact, seems destined to be one of the chief bones of contention in the struggle which is developing in Central Europe, and we doubt whether she can count on anybody or anything.

Socialist Tactics in France

The Congress of the French Socialist Party, which has just been held at Avignon, was of more than ordinary interest. It was in fact specially convened to define the policy of the party, not in an academic sense, but in relation to its tactics in Parliament. A serious cleavage had arisen over the strong support given to the Government by M. Renaudel and the Right wing. The Left wing, headed by M. Léon Blum, while not standing for opposition for opposition's sake, insisted that Socialist principles and the independence of the party must be upheld at all costs; any support accorded to a bourgeois Government must be temporary and on specific issues. The voting in the Congress showed a large majority in favour of M. Blum's thesis, and the consequences are likely to be important. The Renaudelists, or some of them, may flout the Congress decision and continue a whole-hearted support of the Government, in which case the Socialist Party is in danger of a definite split, and the Daladier Government is seriously threatened. Complete loyalty to the decision, on the other hand, whilst reuniting the Socialists, would be still more ominous for the Government. Those who fear that M. Daladier's fall would usher in reaction—and it is heavy odds that it would—hope for the discovery of a *modus vivendi* by the ingenious M. Blum.

The Troubles of the I.L.P.

The National Conference of the Independent Labour Party revealed the existence of large differences of attitude among the group which seceded from the Labour Party a year ago. Most of the critical divisions in the conference showed only a very few votes between the extreme wing, which wants to go over to a whole-hogging policy of violent revolution, and the more pacific members of the party, who are as much against civil war as they are critical of the official Labour Party. In the end the Conference decided to approach the Third International with the suggestion of a "united front," but not actually to affiliate to it—a proposal more likely to be derided than accepted by the Communists of the true faith. It rejected an amendment which would have committed it to armed revolution, but only by a very tiny majority; and it temporised about its attitude to Parliament as an instrument for Socialist use. The whole proceedings suggested that the I.L.P., in its present form, is not long for this world, and that a fresh split is more than likely. There is, indeed, no room for a separate third party between the Labour Party and the Communists; but many of those who left the Labour Party last year will be readier to go back to it than to take the Moscow road.

The Teachers and "Economy"

The National Union of Teachers, to judge from the tone of the speeches made at its Easter Conference, is fully expecting the Government to launch a fresh attack on teachers' salaries in the near future. The notorious Ray Report suggested, in order to avoid a further breach of contract with existing teachers, a differential worsening of conditions for new entrants into the profession, especially by slowing down the rate of salary increments under the Burnham scales. In view of the fact that the Government accepted the report of the Burnham Committee, the adoption of this plan would come very near a definite breach of faith; but the statements made on behalf of the N.U.T. Executive seem to show that it is seriously

contemplated by the Government, along with other additional methods of educational "economy" at the teachers' expense. Already, apart from the ten per cent. cut in salaries, conditions have been worsened in many areas, especially by increasing the size of classes and reducing the number of teachers employed. The N.U.T. declared that it would offer strong resistance to any further economies at the expense of education; and, in this attitude, it will have the full sympathy of intelligent opinion in all classes. Educational economy has gone much too far already, wrecking the Hadow scheme, stopping school building, and curbing above all the activities of the more progressive local authorities.

A Little Twist

Mr. A. H. Russell's references to elementary schools as "forcing beds of revolutionaries" was enough to make headline copy of his Presidential address to the National Association of Schoolmasters. Analysed, his remarks about "hundreds of teachers coming to the conclusion that the present economic system is tottering to its fall" amount to nothing except that some schoolteachers are becoming aware of the facts, that some of them are Socialists and that their opinions, like those of Conservative teachers, cannot be hidden from their pupils. "In every lesson," said Mr. Russell, "scripture, history, geography, English, and even arithmetic, a little twist is unconsciously given to instruction that cannot easily be eradicated and influences the minds of the next generation." The *naivete* of this is delicious. A little twist! What about the little twist we have all suffered from in our orthodox scripture, geography and history lessons? Is there no twist in the usual teaching of religion, in "the story of the Empire," in the long catalogue of English victories which often passes for the teaching of history? The fact that history, in to-day's cold light, looks very different from its interpretation in the standard books is, we hope, rapidly penetrating the minds of teachers. But, since unpalatable truth is always called propaganda, teachers who have the pluck to tell the truth as they see it will have to put up with being denounced as agitators.

The Rights of Man

Issues of liberty were not altogether forgotten at the Easter conferences. We particularly welcome the Meerut resolution of the National Union of Journalists. It called attention to "the menace to freedom of speech and to the principles and practice of Trade Unionism in the trial of the Meerut prisoners," and recognised "that the real 'crime' of these British and Indian workers was that they were active in organising Indian Trade Unionists and in leading them in their industrial and political struggles against intolerable conditions." Similarly the Young Liberals, realising perhaps that it is easy to be angry about other people's sins, did more than protest against the excesses of Hitlerism and the overthrow of democracy in Germany. They passed a resolution condemning recent trials in England in which persons have been imprisoned against whom no charges have been brought. Issues of this type used to be the very guts of Liberalism: they may be so again if the Young Liberals get their way and form an independent party with or without the present leaders who still prefer honorific impotence to independent opposition.

MOSCOW AND THE BIG STICK

FLOURISHED with discrimination, the Big Stick undoubtedly has on occasion its diplomatic advantages. Palmerston was notoriously skilful in wielding it, and his example has been widely cited in the last few weeks in justification of the British Government's Moscow diplomacy. People who quote his famous *Civis Romanus sum* speech sometimes forget that the British citizen on whose behalf he so gallantly mobilised the might of Great Britain was a disreputable Portuguese Jew whose very fishy case would, in the opinion of Mr. Gladstone and others, have been better left to the judgment of the Greek authorities. But Palmerston had chosen his occasion well: the Greek Government was far too weak to resist. This parallel, much quoted recently, is not, then, a very close one. Russia is not helpless, and the case for the most effective possible diplomatic aid to the employees of Metropolitan-Vickers was a very much stronger one, needing also very much more careful handling, than the case of Don Pacifico. It was the duty of the British Government to show an active concern for the arrested engineers. But of the wisdom of the Big Stick in their case we are quite unconvinced. For the moment Sir John Simon, who stands badly in need of a diplomatic success, may seem to wear the side-whiskers and the jaunty air of Palmerston with some effect. The Government will, no doubt, claim that the comparatively light sentences passed on the accused engineers were the result of Sir Esmond Ovey's hectoring, of the statements made by Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Thomas (before any of the evidence was known) that the prisoners could not possibly be guilty of anything, and, more potent still, of the threat to break off trade relations. If, as we very much hope, the two imprisoned men are released after their petition, the Government will doubtless claim that their freedom is the result of the proclamation which puts on the trade embargo next week.

This picture of the case will only be convincing to those who do not know a few quite simple facts. In the early stages of the negotiations, soon after the arrests, when the Government was using quite legitimate diplomatic methods, there was good reason to hope that the trial of the British engineers would be abandoned. It was known that the Soviet Government was anxious to keep on good terms with this country, and that it had been placed in a difficult position by the precipitate action of the G.P.U. But the Russian Government, like other Governments, must consider prestige, and the threatening attitude suddenly adopted by Great Britain, combined with the arrogant effort to dictate the procedure which should be followed in regard to the Russian prisoners, made the trial inevitable. Again, few people realise that these Russian trials, staged for propaganda purposes at times of economic difficulty, follow a set pattern. The Don Basin trial of 1928 offers a disconcertingly close parallel. On that occasion also foreign experts were arrested with the Russian suspects. But neither in this nor in any similar case that we know of did foreigners suffer any punishment except deportation. The whole thing is cut and dried beforehand—confession, sentence and reprieve. We do not doubt that the usual pattern was to be followed on

this occasion and that British threats—as opposed to legitimate diplomatic action—have made things worse rather than better for the British accused. We hope, in spite of the trade embargo, that the prisoners will soon be released, but we cannot dismiss the possibility that the British Government's precipitate proclamation may prejudice the appeal and that the Soviet Government, instead of releasing the prisoners according to schedule, may feel that prestige demands that they serve part of their sentence. Palmerstonianism in this case seems a dangerous policy: it jeopardises the almost certain release of the prisoners for the sake of a cock-crow over the Soviet Government.

To feel indignation about the trial is natural enough, and some of the indignation is justified. The main charge of "sabotage" is completely unconvincing. Mr. Monkhouse seemed to be talking obvious sense when in his final remarks he said that for an engineer to wreck his own machines would be like a mother stabbing her child. The charge seems fantastic, both for psychological and business reasons. Metropolitan-Vickers have been among the chief advocates of good relations with the Soviets, and their engineers have undoubtedly felt all the technician's pride in their work. Other charges—bribery and the collection of secret information about Russia's military equipment for the use of foreign powers or White organisations—are not in themselves absurd. Espionage is carried out by devious routes in every country for every Government, and there are groups of *émigrés* ready for any kind of devilment in every capital in Europe. But in the absence of independent evidence of any of these charges, it is natural that English people should dismiss them as unfounded. The confessions of Macdonald and Thornton present a very curious problem. It is to be noted that Mr. Monkhouse, in a telephone conversation from Moscow, says that the prisoners have been treated well, that the G.P.U. have used no terrorist methods to extract evidence, and that he has not "the faintest idea why Macdonald pleaded guilty."

The nature of the evidence and the atmosphere of the whole trial have given the anti-Bolshevik press in this country an excuse for digging up the war phrases of fifteen years ago and substituting "Russian" for "German." And the British public, accustomed to being told all sorts of nonsense about Russia, is prepared to believe that there is something peculiarly awful about Russian "class justice." If the capitalist press in this country were really concerned with justice, it could with equal truth turn its vituperative genius against a large number of other countries. The fact is that "impartial justice" where political, class or racial passions are involved is the rarest thing in the world. If it exists at all it is the fruit of old civilisation and only found in countries—are there any to-day?—in which the governing class is so sure of its own security that it can afford to be tolerant. In this country, where we can fairly claim an unusually high standard of judicial administration, the more savage forms of "third degree" disappeared with the Star Chamber, but a modified form of third degree is discovered from time to time to be in operation. As for class bias in justice the history of labour disputes teems with notorious cases. It would be hypocritical to pretend that the revolting labourers of 1830, the Dorchester Labourers, or the Chartists, or many Communists recently have been shown impartial justice. There have been unsavoury instances in the last few months of the use of *agent provocateurs* by the police and the authorities have even gone so far as to revive mediaeval statutes to suppress the advocacy of unpopular opinions by persons who have committed no illegal actions. This is class justice at a comparatively mild level. To see Russian methods outdone it is unnecessary to go farther than India, where rule by Ordinance upholds the repression of opinion by daily acts of violence. If the Meerut prisoners, not even charged with any overt act, but kept in prison and given long sentences on the vaguest of charges, had been British subjects in a country ruled by foreigners and not by Englishmen there would indeed have been an excellent excuse for Palmerstonian methods. If we turn to America, cases like the Sacco and Vanzetti trial, the Mooney case and the horrible travesty of justice at Scottsboro occur at once to the mind, while third degree methods, accompanied by the most brutal physical and mental torture, are commonplace procedure to-day in the United States, in Poland, Italy, in the Balkans and, most conspicuous of all at the moment, in Germany. All this does not justify the use of lengthy inquisitions to coerce prisoners in Russia. But to remind ourselves of the rarity of impartial justice anywhere in the world may help us to keep some sense of proportion. In Russia we are dealing with a country whose rulers are by no means sure of themselves and who, unlike other Governments in the same position, are frank enough to admit that the law is administered in the interests of the dominant class.

Just how much mischief has been done by Russian folly in beginning this case and British folly in handling it we do not yet know. The incident has, in any case, given our fanatical anti-Bolsheviks a miraculous opportunity to present to the British public a picture of Russia as an "enemy" state. We have had many "inevitable enemies," and usually, a little later found them useful as friends. For centuries France was our inevitable enemy: then Russia, then France again, then Germany (with France and Russia as our beloved and trusted allies). To-day, amongst the numerous threats of war, probably the most immediately dangerous arises from the desire, which Mr. Matsuoka calmly told us about the other day in Geneva, of the military party in Japan to fight a "preventive war" with Russia in the Far East. Mobilisation and exchange of diplomatic discourtesies between the two countries have already gone to perilous lengths. The danger is that with public opinion in this country (prepared by seeing the Russians called "barbarians" and "orang-outangs" in the popular press) we may find ourselves condoning or even aiding the aggression of Japan in the interests of those who desire to make Russia into our enemy. That is the worst result of the policy of the Big Stick—it creates a natural enemy in the public mind. In the long run the damage it does to international relations is a far more serious thing than its immediate dangers. That is true even in this case, where the immediate dangers are not only the loss of millions of pounds' worth of trade, but also the serious risk that the Soviet Government, rather than seem to be coerced by outside pressure, may refuse to release as soon as it otherwise would the men whom the British Government adopt this strange method of befriending.

HITLER'S WAY

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN GERMANY.]

THE "Germanisation of Germany" is being carried out on the lines of an old German rhyme that runs: "If you don't want to be my brother, I will smash your head." Of the political parties, only the Nationalists have not as yet entirely entered the Nazi fold, whilst the Social Democrats seem to prefer the way of *hara-kiri*. The Socialist rank and file fiercely resent the behaviour of their leaders, all the more so since the corruption of the Social Democratic apparatus has been disclosed in the health insurance societies and other scandals of recent times. But the real explanation of the collapse of the German Social Democracy lies in its sins of omission, of which the chief is the failure to recruit German youth into its ranks. Utter demoralisation has also overcome the Trade Union leaders, although a certain amount of militant spirit can still be found among the organised masses. But the rank and file not merely have no leaders, they also have forgotten how to fight, and they are only occupied with the question how one day they will settle accounts with their leaders. The "equalisation" of the Trade Unions is but a question of time, when the Government, knowing there is nothing left to fear from that quarter, has settled some of the more urgent problems.

The Stahlhelm question is of the first importance, and it reflects the struggle for power that goes on behind the scenes. Herr Hitler and Herr Seldte, who is also Minister of Labour (it has been noted that both he and another of the Nationalist ministers have abstained from signing the manifesto for May 1st, the Day of National Labour), are negotiating for the "unification" of the Nazi and Stahlhelm organisations. Every day some prominent Stahlhelm leader is forced to join the National Socialist Party, declaring his unfailing loyalty to Hitler, in order to counteract the alarming popularity the Stahlhelm is acquiring with the non-Nazi population. The Stahlhelm members still resent the violence and cruelty of the Nazis, and incidents like those in Brunswick are still common up and down the Reich. There has been some fighting lately in Silesia, and a sort of guerilla warfare is being waged between individual members of the two organisations. Herr Düsterberg, who is against this affiliation, is losing ground in favour of Herr Seldte, who enjoys Hugenberg's full support. The price of the bargain is economic concessions to the Nationalists, as is shown by the fact that practically all the economic measures passed so far are relics of the old Hugenberg-Papen programme of last autumn, and are evidently more "National" than "Social" in character. How long the Government, after their certain victory over the Stahlhelm, will be willing to keep the promises made to the Nationalists remains to be seen. Captain Göring in his speech to the newly formed Nazi factory cells strongly emphasised the need for "Socialism" and the Government's devotion to the working classes. At the same time, the greatest care is being devoted to the proper training of these factory cells. Indeed, Germany's industries are between the devil and the deep sea, and it looks as if they will go the same way as Italy's. On the one side, they have their masses of profoundly discontented workers, and on the other, a Government that knows only too well that it will stand or fall by its success in providing work and bread. Neither legislation nor the dismissal of Jews and "Marxists" from all branches of the administration and from the professions has brought the solution of this problem any nearer; all that has happened is that posts have been provided for a number of Nazi intellectuals.

So far, there is no definite economic programme in sight—only vague trends, and these of a contradictory nature. On one hand, there is the decentralisation of industries, the revival of crafts, the shortening of working hours in accordance with the actual state of the industry in question, and on the other hand, measures which may temporarily help the German peasant at the cost of a further impoverishment of the industrial worker. The prohibitive duties on fats, eggs and other farm produce (the duty on eggs is 3½ pfennigs apiece), together with financial help, are going to make the German peasant the cornerstone of the National economy. In this connection it must not be forgotten that since the inflation Germany has been without a middle class capable of bearing the burden of higher prices in the home market. And how the industrial worker is going to strengthen the purchasing power of the peasant at a time when exports are suffering from an even further decline, which is partly due to similar methods applied by countries themselves hit by this agricultural super tariff, the Government alone knows. It seems to have been entirely forgotten that this economic programme has already failed once.

Meanwhile, even the supporters of the regime are growing weary of speeches. On May 1st "The Leader" will tell them whether the blessed state of the Third Empire has already come, or whether its attainment will require some further sacrifices. Careful preparations are being made to give "The Leader" a "spontaneous welcome by thousands of workers." The method followed is almost embarrassingly simple; the man is given the choice between participation or instant dismissal. Not only economic reasons will compel him to accept the first; he knows very well that once he is marked as an "enemy of the State" he must abandon hopes of a quiet life. Now, since the Jewish boycott has not had the desired effect, the activities of the still workless Storm Troops are being directed to the systematic persecution of any workers who have been connected, or even suspected of connection, with the Left parties. Social Democrats and Communists alike are whisked away in the night or the early hours of the morning, and when they return some days later, they have been beaten almost beyond recognition. Even women, as I myself have seen, are not being spared. One of the barracks which have acquired such sinister fame, in the Friedrichstrasse, had to be left, because the tenants of neighbouring houses complained of the screams of the victims. The cellars of the barracks are used for torture; the victims are never shown to visitors. As a policeman himself told me, express orders have been given to the police never to interfere with the Storm Troops, and in some cases people have been taken from the police stations, beaten up and then returned. Young workmen between the ages of twenty and twenty-five are commonly singled out for this treatment. Delation is growing, and at the present time there are thousands of people all over Germany who sleep in a different place every night, and who dare not return home on peril of their lives. This I have myself seen.

Germany has indeed put the clock back. The cultural level of the new regime is well expressed in a manifesto of the Nazi students, who are not content with having obtained facilities for examinations, but ask that no Jew shall be allowed to use the German language. Jews should write their theses in Hebrew first, and then have them translated into German!

Meanwhile, the frontiers "are not being forgotten," as the Nazi press puts it. War propaganda, among the youth organisations particularly, is rampant. Women are told that they must learn to sacrifice everything to the Fatherland; schoolbooks are changed in this sense, and teachers have orders to educate the children as "Germans." Hitler has promised ten years of peace. But even should we have them, who dares to think what will follow after?

A LONDON DIARY

I AM a very patriotic Englishman. That may surprise some readers of this Diary, but it is true. I am proud of a great many English things—of the English country-side, for instance, which we are destroying so fast to-day, and of certain English traditions which no political party now seems to care much about. My national pride is hurt when I see the *Temps* boasting that France is now the only country open to political refugees. I wish we had politicians who felt as Charles

James Fox felt on this subject. In 1803, when Napoleon asked for the expulsion of French royalists from England, Fox, a lonely advocate of democratic and revolutionary opinions, protested against the principle that men should be "hunted from the face of the globe" because they were driven from their own country. He ended:

> No man, I believe, is more of a lover of peace that I am. No one, perhaps—and I hope not to be suspected at this time of bearing hard upon an unfortunate and fallen family, when I say it—no one, perhaps politically speaking, has less respect than I have for the house of Bourbon; yet I am ready to declare, that for that family, nay, for the worst prince of that family, if among them there should be a bad one, I should be ready to draw my sword and to go to war, rather than comply with a demand to withdraw from him the hospitality to which he had trusted.

Going a bit far perhaps, but a very proper spirit.

* * *

Mr. Justice Maugham has granted an injunction to restrain a brewery company from rendering music of which the rights are vested in the Performing Rights Society on the wireless of the licensed houses they control. I wish he could stop the indiscriminate use of loud speakers everywhere. I appreciate the wireless at home, and if I must have lunch with a bore it is convenient to know of a restaurant where there is music. But can there be a more wanton destruction of peace and friendship than to have the wireless imposed on one on the seashore or in a country inn? It is bad enough in some town public houses where—to quote a recent incident—the apparatus may be so misused that it plays a piano-piece interrupted intermittently by a Talk on locomotives. I do not know whether this innkeeper was a temperance reformer, but he cured me of being a customer. A worse torment still is a neighbour who puts his wireless set out of the window so that the voice, but not the words, of a lecturer stab themselves into other people's homes with a maddening insistency. I defy anyone, thus tormented, not to strain to catch the words, however much he may want to do something quite different, and however meaningless the fragments may be. And that is the real point. Meaningless noise is the curse of modern City life. It distracts; it makes work, conversation and reverie equally impossible. It confuses the mind, jags the nerves and destroys the soul. I could add to the list, but perhaps that is enough. If these remarks reach a few well-intentioned, but indiscriminate, loud speaker fiends, I shall be satisfied.

* * *

In nothing has Mr. Shaw showed more wisdom than in obstinately refusing countless invitations to give lecture tours in the United States. I have seen him surrounded by the most charming American women imploring him to go. I have heard him with admirable courtesy refusing fabulous sums. If he had given way he might well have suffered the fate of Charles Dickens. As it is he has waited till his seventy-seventh year, and then only permitted New York to lionise him for a single day. He has survived an overwhelming welcome just as Voltaire at an even greater age survived a triumphal entry into Paris. He lectured for ninety minutes and, according to Mr. Ratcliffe's excellent account in the *Observer*, surprised people by a certain moderation in his political views, by not continuously cracking jokes, and by pronouncing English as Irishmen (and Englishmen) pronounce it. (I hasten to add that I see no reason why evolution should not be pronounced ĕvolution if Americans prefer it that way.) But if Americans have discovered that Mr. Shaw is a serious person that is all to the good. The British public will not discover it until he has been dead a long time.

* * *

I have in front of me a pamphlet, published by the Union of Educational Institutions of Shanghai, which gives a series of extracts from Japanese school text-books. It begins with a map, apparently in common use, entitled "Japan's Neighbours." In the centre is Tokio and round it five concentric circles, one thousand miles apart. The teacher is apparently instructed to explain to school children that these represent the stages of Japan's inevitable expansion. The first includes Japan itself and touches the Asiatic mainland. The second covers the islands, Korea, Manchuria and part of Mongolia, coloured pink and labelled "Japanese sphere of influence." These are roughly the conquests of the last decades. Japan is now in the third circle which, if completed, would involve the complete conquest of Manchuria, much of China proper, a large slice of Siberia and part of the Philippines. The fourth circle includes the whole of China, half of Indo-China, all the Philippines, Hawaii and part of British Borneo. The fifth would bring Japan to Australia and the West Coast of Canada and the U.S.A. The reading matter does not lag behind. This is from the *New National Language Reader*.

> What shall Japan contribute to the world? All Japanese must awaken to their duty to execute the Divine Punishment. By attacking or by punitive treatment, the powers of the world must be broken down in order to fulfil the Divine Mission of Japan. Some day when, having swept away all rottenness and subjugated all arrogant and impolite (*sic*) countries of the world, Japan shall be the king of the world and lord of the whole universe.

* * *

I select the following from the carrots sent me.

> Captain H. G. S. Bower said that everyone ate much less than people used to eat. If the nation would eat more and have more frequent meals there would be an improvement. Agriculture in other parts of the world was in a bad state.—*Dorset County Chronicle.*

* * *

> The fact that the Soviet authorities refused him bail indicated that they were kneading him for a special role.—The *Times*, April 13th.

* * *

> The motto of the City, *Domine dirige nos*, is eloquent of the fact that the City of London is incurably and fundamentally religious.—From a report of the Bishop of Ely's sermon to City men.

* * *

> Ottawa! . . . it may well be that the Imperial compact will have results even more far-reaching and *more beneficial to the English-speaking peoples than the terms upon which the great war ended.*—From a special message to the *Fruit Grower* by the High Commissioner for Canada.

* * *

> The King, I learn, may soon possess the unique distinction of being the first English monarch to have grown his own shirts.—*Daily Express.*

* * *

> You can't be brave and clever.—Rev. P. B. Clayton, C.H., M.C., in the *Times*, April 18th.

* * *

In the pulpit!

> That there may be one sheep, one shepherd.

CRITIC

THE MAN WHO SAW

I MET a man on a southern common during Easter who told me in answer to a question that, of the 450 to 500 species of British birds, he had now seen all but about fifty. I did not know whether he was more to be envied or to be pitied. He is still young, and these Alexandrine conquests of his, glorious as they are, leave him with very little to discover, unless he flies from England. Luckily, some of the birds he has never seen are so rare that he may never see them: one of them, I believe, is even extinct. He may travel long through hollow lands and hilly lands before he sees the greenish willow-warbler, the only British specimen of which was shot at North Cotes, on the Lincolnshire coast on September 5th, 1896. He may spend happy years in the vain pursuit of the Sardinian warbler, which, having been killed at Hastings in June, 1907, won by the very stroke of mortality an immortal place in the list of British birds. He will still have an object in life until he has seen the olivaceous warbler, of which a male specimen was shot in Sussex in May, 1915. Even the dusky warbler will take some finding, if it is true that the only British specimen was a female "obtained" in the Orkneys in October, 1913. Then there are the pied wheatear which was "obtained" in the Isle of Man in 1909, the Isebelline wheatear (which was shot in Cumberland in 1887 and "obtained" in 1911 and 1912 in Sussex), the white-collared flycatcher

which was shot — twice — in Sussex in 1911, the Egyptian nightjar which appeared in Nottinghamshire in 1883 and was shot to encourage more Egyptian nightjars to come to England, and the Eastern nightingale or sprosser which appeared on Fair Island in May 1911, and was killed by an enthusiastic bird-lover. And there are a good many more of these admirable creatures that brave the perils of a visit to England so seldom that it would be possible for a home-staying Englishman to live to be a hundred without seeing one of them.

It is thought by poets and other simple people that a man ought to be able to be perfectly happy watching and listening to the birds he already knows without restlessly craving for the discovery of birds he has never seen before. Mr. W. H. Davies seems to ask for nothing more than a few robins, sparrows, blackbirds, and thrushes, and I doubt whether he would walk beyond the end of his garden to see a red-spotted bluethroat. I will agree that those who care only for novelties care very little for birds. I know a woman who becomes enthusiastic when she hears the first cuckoo of spring, and then loses her interest in cuckoos till she hears the first cuckoo of the following year. She points rapturously to the first swallow, but the rest of the swallows might as well stay in Africa for all the interest she takes in them. If you are walking in the country with her and pause on hearing the voice of a nightingale, she says apathetically: "Yes, I heard one the day before yesterday." This seems to me to be carrying the passion for novelty to excess. It is like refusing to read a book twice. The truth is, of course, that a book that is not worth reading twice is scarcely worth reading at all. There are still novelties to be discovered in familiar pages, a Cleopatran infinity of newness. Thus, when we read *Hamlet* for the twentieth or thirtieth time, we enjoy at once the pleasure of recognition and the pleasure of discovery—pleasures that enrich each other—pleasures that may be said to be the basis of friendship itself. And these twin pleasures are also at the root of our enjoyment of spring. The world is at once familiar and surprising. The old has become new. The present is in great measure a resurrection of the past.

I never hear the hedgesparrow singing in April without being surprised once more by the volume and boldness of its ecstasy. Its earlier song, graceful as it is, always seems to me a little indecisive as though the bird were by no means eager to be overheard. But in the sunshine of April the hedge-sparrow sings as boldly as a blackbird at dawn. In April even the tiniest voices in the bushes are keyed up as if by the courage of the season. However well one knows them, one never knows them too well to be surprised afresh by this din of woodland and roadside happiness. Spring never returns but a number of people find themselves wondering once more whether of all created things the song of the willow-wren is not the most beautiful. There is no arguing about such matters. Some men are moved most deeply by the splendour of the sunset; some by a wide prospect of storm-tossed seas; some by the music of Bach and Beethoven; some by great cathedrals; some by poetry; some by the streets of strange cities. With luck, a man may enjoy all these things and a dozen more almost equally. But even among those who enjoy them all some hundreds will be found who doubt whether anything on earth is more beautiful than the familiar song of the willow-wren in April.

I am not myself one of those people who live in a continual flutter of ecstasy. I am often surprised that I do not feel somewhat more ecstatic when the occasion offers. I did not feel ecstatic when I heard the first cuckoo last week. As a matter of fact, I usually enjoy the second cuckoo more, because my reason makes me ask myself whether the first cuckoo may not be only a boy imitating a cuckoo. Again, as I lay on a hill-top on Saturday, I saw for the first time this year two swallows flying high overhead. I started up, but my heart did not leap up, for I had scarcely seen them till they had become two vanishing pencil-marks on the sky. Later, swallows will be less of a novelty, but at least they will dip down to the surface of insect-infested streams and show their blue backs to the indolent, and possibly ecstatic, gazer. I am not sure, indeed, that I felt anything approaching ecstasy during the holidays. Happy, yes. Here was a spring like the springs of one's childhood, with great spreads of anemone and woodsorrel in the woods, with cherry and pear brimming over with flower, with the return of campion and herb-robert, and lady's-smock, and celandine, and the beginnings of blue-bells, with larks ascending and tree-pipits descending, with a nuthatch in the next garden and the voices of unseen goldfinches with their faint honey-drops of music, with wrens and robins and chaffinches and thrushes and blackbirds and peacock butterflies and orange-tipped butterflies and tortoiseshells, with brown heaths and leafing birches and pines set against the sky, with the sun by day and the stars by night—in fine, the world at its best, familiar and yet wonderful. It was enough to rouse any reasonable mortal to an ecstasy; but I was not ecstatic. The reason I think was that, not having walked farther than to a bus-terminus for months past, my legs were crying out against the violent and unaccustomed exercise to which they were subjected. The soul cannot enjoy itself thoroughly—at least, mine cannot—till the muscles have ceased to ache.

Yet, during Easter I saw something that I would have travelled many miles to see. Beautiful as the familiar world is, it is a deep-seated human instinct to wish to pass the borders of the familiar world and discover something that one has never seen before; and, impelled by this instinct, I had for years longed to see the Dartford warbler. This year—the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its first recorded appearance in England—I have seen it. It was not, I admit, a personal discovery. I was conducted to the gorse-bush on which it settled for a moment as to one of its secret haunts. It was in the midst of a barren and birdless heath stretching to the top of a low hill. Not quite birdless, perhaps, for two stone-chats were flitting in a circle to avoid the neighbourhood of human beings. It was not long, before the young man who has seen all the birds said "There it is," and handed me his glasses. And there, sure enough, perched on the gorse-bush, with its elegant tail, its head looking almost blue in the light and its faintly flushed body, was the rarity that I once thought I should never be lucky enough to see. Cortes? Not exactly, yet exciting enough for all that. Seeing a Dartford warbler, I realised, made not only the day a good day, but the year a good year. This, however, was merely the pleasure of novelty—a most desirable pleasure, but yet not enough. I intend to return to the same place and, seeing the bird again, add to this the pleasure of familiarity. And, then perhaps, if the Dartford warbler sings and my leg-muscles are in good practice for walking, I shall feel as ecstatic as a man ought to feel in the presence of a rare English bird in an English Spring.

Y. Y.

A COLLEGE IN THE GOLD COAST

I KNEW a good deal about Achimota College before I went there. But for some time I was puzzled. The place clearly had an atmosphere of its own that enveloped everybody from the tots in the kindergarten to the Principal. But I could not put my finger on what made it different from the air outside. The topic of the moment was the performance by the College staff of the *Mikado*; the Africans in the cast made surprisingly good Japanese. At dress rehearsals the audience consisted of the students, the younger of whom had had the action of the play explained to them beforehand. Every episode was greeted with universal merriment, from gurgles of delight to shouts of joy. Those who played Yum Yum, Poo-Bah and the rest were the daily companions of every child and youth who heard them, and lost no chance of replacing the text by unexpected personal allusions, including the remarkable vocabulary of abuse habitually used by the Principal, called in affection "The Chief" by all and sundry. Later on I was to find that the spirit of happy enthusiasm pervaded

class work, home study, the drudgery of cleaning up, everything and everybody. When at last my finger came down on what makes the College unique anywhere and in Africa positively miraculous, it was on the total absence of two sorts of consciousness of inferiority—the one that is supposed to be unavoidable in the relation between teachers and those they teach, and the other that subtle poison that in varying degree attends European and African at their every meeting and on every spoken word, that clings to Africans even when among friends in England.

How has this miracle been wrought, in this seven-year-old College in the Gold Coast in West Africa, of five hundred students, of both sexes and all ages from kindergarten to tentative work of University grade? The College was conceived and planned by the late Sir Gordon Guggisberg when Governor of the Colony, and cost about £600,000 to build and equip. He alone among recent Governors of African dependencies believed that Africans could be trained to fill the highest positions in society. His discovery and appointing of the Rev. A. G. Fraser as Principal was the next stage in the working of the miracle. No other man could have embodied Sir Gordon's faith and hopes as he has. For, as that faith and those hopes are at war with the accepted policy, inside and outside official circles, his position demanded the soldier's virtues of patience, tenacity of principle and, above all, of courage, whether to deal with the Colonial Office, with the local government, with educated Africans in the Colony, naturally incredulous of such a miracle, sometimes even with Christian Missions and missionaries. Every member of the staff of about fifty men and women, some of them Africans, has been his personal choice. (Strangely varied as to experience, gifts and creed—three of them are Roman Catholic—they work as members of a team.) Every special feature of the curriculum and of the general social life bears his countersign. All rise before the sun and every student is his own housemaid, laundryman and gardener. The College has a definite Christian basis, but is free from the odour of sanctity. None is required to attend any religious service, though practically everyone finds it natural to share in public worship. Sundays are absolutely free days for all. Boys and girls, and youths and maidens, sit in the same classes and play together in the same games. Both sexes are even encouraged to join in the old tribal dances, a thing that even now horrifies much "Christian" opinion.

But Mr. Fraser's qualities, even when supported by a staff like-minded and animated by the same enthusiasm, could have wrought no thaumaturgy without the eager help of Africans. One huge difference between Achimota and every English school and college is that the pace is set by the students, not by the masters, who, as they are at the disposal of their pupils at any time, sometimes find that pace much too hot. In the moist heat of the West African climate, where the night temperature is little lower than the day, one noticed that duties and activities so constant left the staff no time or energy for even occasional tennis, and left them dangerously little time for reading. Their two months at home every summer are well earned. This insatiable appetite for knowledge is common, of course, all over Africa, South and East as well as West. The poverty of Missions, in men and means, and the parsimony of Governments that have no intention of letting Africans learn to govern themselves, everywhere else prevent that appetite from being satisfied. One result of its satisfaction in Achimotans is that they need no discipline. Slackers would find the air intolerably uncongenial. And though Accra, a large seaport and the capital of the country, is only six miles away, none of the students ever seems even to want to go there.

Educationally, after only seven years, the results, when judged by the ordinary tests, abundantly prove that these African boys and girls, most of them unselected except by the ability of parents to pay high fees, are fully equal to English youth. Mr. Fraser claims, indeed, that the younger children, many of whom have been five or six years in the place, are two years ahead of English children. And when regard is had to the facts that these children never talk English among themselves, and that papers written in this foreign language are judged by examiners in England, the full significance of that claim is seen. It proves simply that there is nothing lacking except opportunity to prevent Africans being and doing all that English men and women are and do.

It is not that success in examinations is specially aimed at. On the contrary, subjects with no examination value, music, the pictorial and plastic arts, the drama, as well as outdoor games and hobbies, have an unusually large place in the curriculum. While as to character, one need only say that no college with European students of the same ages could possibly be run with liberty so complete.

When all that is said it must be admitted, as Mr. Fraser and his staff would be the last to deny, that Achimota is only half-grown. Half the difficulties in the attainment of the Guggisberg aim have still to be overcome by them and their successors. Where (perhaps the hardest question) find men and women of University rank, who in the eyes of their fellow Europeans in Africa will demean themselves by introducing Africans to the very arcana of knowledge, and so fitting them for all the posts that now are the sacred monopoly of Europeans? There are many more miracles for faith and courage to work in Achimota.

Such miracles are no concern of ordinary British citizens. What most emphatically is their concern is whether the Colonial Office and Governments in African dependencies want the work done. Why is Achimota unique, though in fairness it should be added that many, though not all, missionaries cherish the same ideals as Achimota? The one true and adequate answer to that question is the fact that the men who, both in Downing Street and in Government Houses, decide what things are done in Africa, nearly all of them not only have no faith in the Achimotan policy but detest it. As a country we have lost the lead we once had in Africa. The other day the member of the French Parliament who is Under-Secretary for the Colonies made a tour of British West African ports. He is a pure negro to whom France had given educational opportunities that so far not even Achimotans have. It would be easy to translate the question just stated into financial terms, to note that Achimota alone costs the Gold Coast Government half what the Government of Kenya, with the same population, spends on all its African schools, and to ask where the money for multiplying Achimota is to come from. But that is not the really practical question. Incidentally, the three answers to it are well known, namely, by replacing Europeans by Africans who even now are qualified for a variety of official positions; by the transfer of revenue at present needlessly spent on troops and police; and by taxing adequately the richer people in African countries. These financial questions could be solved and would be solved if the political question were solved first. The essential element in that problem is the discovery of men to govern in Africa whose record shows them to have the faith in Africans on which Achimota is built. Achimota will succeed in the long run in proportion as she has a numerous progeny, and in so far as her own and her children's graduates, trained in the free pursuit of truth, liberated by knowledge of the world they live in and by those things inspired, are encouraged to be the liberating force in African life.

NORMAN LEYS

THE HOUSING PROGRAMME

SIR,—I am reminded that in my letter which you published on March 10th a promise of some fuller reply to questions regarding the proposed National Housing Board was made. Some at least of the difficulties raised in regard to this proposal arise from failure to recognise the very varying conditions existing, the widely different views held by local authorities, and the consequent differences in the extent of their dealings with housing matters.

Some authorities have taken little action; many hold the

view that housing is not one of the activities which local authorities can best handle directly; on the other hand, many authorities have set up a considerable organisation and have handled efficiently some or many of the problems connected with housing. I have yet to hear, however, of any place where serious housing difficulties existed where it can be said that the problem has been completely solved. Moreover, there seems at least great probability that many will now follow the suggestions of the Minister, devote more attention to slum clearance, and desist from building houses except those to rehouse the people dehoused in the process.

If this approximately represents the position, the following questions arise; whether it is wise to leave any complete solution of the housing problem to wait until all local authorities adopt the view that this is their job and all set up effective organisations to deal with it; or whether, as the Minister seems to consider, if only the slums are cleared by local authorities, all else can be left to private enterprise to carry out as a profit-earning business; or whether the promoters of the National Housing Board are not right in believing that there is an urgent need for some new organisation to get the work carried out in the many areas where the local authorities do not wish to do it themselves and, in the still more numerous areas where they only wish to handle certain sections of it, an organisation which could supplement their activities by dealing with the remainder of the problem. The proposal is to provide alternative machinery, not to displace, but to work in harmony with the local authorities, to supplement such activities as the authorities wish to continue, and to afford an effective alternative machinery for those who prefer to use it, instead of acting directly themselves.

In regard to the functions and organisations of such a board, a similar need to meet very varying conditions involves a similar difficulty in bringing these within any one of a series of alternative clear-cut definitions. Nevertheless, the policy of the promoters is clear and may be set out as follows:

1. The National Housing Board would seek to enlist local experience and support, and to act as far as possible through local or regional Public Utility Societies.

2. The Board must, however, be able to act direct, either in places where no such efficient Society could be found, or where any Society should fail.

3. The National Housing Board would assist with finance, be responsible to the Government for any guarantee, and to this end would have to be satisfied as to the effectiveness of the local Societies, and as to the efficiency of their work.

4. The Board and Societies would normally operate through the Building Industry, using the appropriate sections. The Board would, however, use the power and influence which its position would give to secure efficient work and economies through standardisation of methods and materials, etc.

5. As in No. 2, however, the Board must be free to create a special building organisation should experience show this to be needful for securing efficient results in any locality.

6. The houses built by the Societies would normally be owned by them, subject to some lien for security to the Board so far as the building of them was financed by the Board.

7. On the other hand, many alternative arrangements might prove more suitable in some cases. The houses might be owned by the local authority, or the Board, and managed by the Society. Wholesale transfer either of management or of ownership from the local authorities need not be contemplated.

In the matters of ownership and management, as in that of direct undertaking of housing work, there seems no reason to aim at uniformity of practice. Local authorities differ in their views and their practice, and part of the value of local administration directly springs from such difference. The essence of the proposal is that there shall be an alternative public utility organisation to handle the whole housing problem, or any part of it, effectively, in cases where the local authority do not wish to do it, and in circumstances where it is either impracticable or undesirable to leave the matter to ordinary private enterprise. Such an organisation, though it will naturally develop a normal way of working and normal relations between itself and the local authorities, or the Local Public Utility Societies, must be so constituted as to be able to adapt its working to the very varying conditions and opportunities which will be encountered in different localities. The most important matter is that the Board must be able to raise capital at a low rate of interest and provide good housing, built with real economy, at the minimum rent which will meet the minimum interest, without having to add profits. If this can be arranged, the saving in rent and the improvement in accommodation for the poorer sections of the community will be very great.

RAYMOND UNWIN

32 Old Queen Street, S.W.1.

SIR,—Sir Hilton Young's new housing circular demands that local authorities shall clear their slums in five years. Among other things, the circular asks all local authorities to prepare a survey of the slums, and to let the Ministry receive such survey not later than September. Sir Hilton Young is to be congratulated on demanding this survey; at the present time nobody has the remotest notion of the extent of the slum problem. Even now, Sir Hilton gives no guidance to Medical Officers of Health as to what is to be considered a slum, and it is quite certain that all sorts of different standards will be adopted by different Medical Officers of Health. Still, it will at least be some sort of a beginning of an attempt to measure the slum problem.

Apart from this the circular is a most astonishing document. May I illustrate by cold hard facts from Manchester what this proposal to clear the slums in five years mean?

First, may I repeat one obvious fact which is almost invariably overlooked in discussing the slums—that the pulling down of old houses is of no benefit whatever to tenants, and that the *only* way to help them is to build good houses at rents which they can afford to pay?

Manchester has 26,000 houses officially classed as unfit for human habitation, but there are thought to be about 80,000 houses of a similar type in the centre of the city; it is safe to say that there are at least 60,000 which must be classed as slums. Before Sir Hilton Young came on the scene Manchester had a programme for building 3,000 low-rented houses per annum under the Greenwood and Wheatley Acts (the rents were not as low as they should have been, and the houses were not let, as they should have been, only to those who needed them; but both these faults could have been put right by Government action). With a steady programme on these lines the slum problem would have been dealt with in 20 years.

Sir Hilton Young abolished the Wheatley Act, so that cheap houses can now only be built under the Greenwood Act. The administrative difficulties in the way of carrying out this Act are such that Sir Hilton Young quite rightly estimates that not more than 12,000 houses can possibly be built in the first year. Manchester's share of these houses is 300, lengthening the period of dealing with the slums from 20 years to two centuries! That is Sir Hilton Young's sole ACTION to accelerate slum clearance.

Owing no doubt to the tremendous pressure of public opinion, he has decided that he must do something more; that something is the notorious circular demanding that local authorities shall deal with slum clearance in five years! In view of the utter and obvious impossibility of doing anything of the sort, this is perhaps the most staggering and incredible circular ever issued by a Government Department.

Sir Hilton Young now says that he will set no limit to the number of houses cleared under the Greenwood Act. It would really help if he would answer two questions:

(1) Will the subsidy be maintained at its present level?

(2) How many houses does he hope to deal with under the Greenwood Act in the next five years?

Would he be prepared to work up to a maximum of 50,000 houses a year in the third year?

I think it can be taken as a certainty that this maximum will not be achieved. There is still everywhere overcrowding in the slums, and the objections of landlords and tenants to large-scale clearances are great and justified. But, even assuming that the maximum of 50,000 was reached, there would still be less than 200,000 houses dealt with in the five years; whereas on any reasonable interpretation of the word "slum" there must be at least a million houses in the country entirely unfit for human habitation according to modern standards.

The more one thinks about the whole thing the more certain one feels that the Government has made a disastrous and tragic mistake in repealing the Wheatley Act. If the slum problem is to be solved quickly, local authorities must be encouraged and helped to build each year at least 100,000 houses to let at low rents, and constrained to let them only to those who cannot afford an unsubsidised house.

E. D. SIMON

Cheadle Heath, Stockport.

Correspondence

LABOUR'S OPPORTUNITY

SIR,—"Ex-Labour M.P." seems to be labouring under the delusion that he and Mr. G. D. H. Cole are in some way opposed to each other as regards the policy and present position of the Labour Party, whereas it is surely obvious that both are intent on a course of action for the Party which would inevitably alienate all right-thinking and sober-minded people. Mr. Cole, with his plans for increasing the influence of the younger and rasher elements within the Party, and "Ex-Labour M.P.," with his sinister suggestions of demonstrations and one-day protest strikes, appear equally hostile to that policy of masterly inactivity which, as Transport House realises, is the only possible course for a constitutional and democratic party.

Many of us must have trembled at the thought of what may happen to the Party if the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION opens its columns to coarse and crude propaganda of the sort these critics indulge in. Surely, Sir, it is axiomatic (to people of statesmanlike minds, at least) that Democracy means a respectful dependence on the Swing of the Pendulum; and that the only gentlemanly policy is to hold one's breath lest thereby the Pendulum might be unduly affected.

It is this same kind of critic who has rushed the movement into the wild plan of holding a May Day demonstration. Fortunately, it is not too late to take steps to prevent this from developing into anything displeasing to those, including the present Government, who stand firmly for constitutionalism, law and order. Could not a small and neat procession be arranged, made up of hand-picked representatives of the mass of the workers; and might not these march on all fours, saluting all policemen, by some back street route to the Park—thus making clear to everyone the essentially pacific and dutiful spirit of the official Labour Movement in this country?

J. F. HORRABIN

72 Gower Street, W.C.1.

SIR,—With much of Mr. G. D. H. Cole's article in your issue of April 8th I agree, but must enter a caveat against his suggestions in reference to the Labour Party League of Youth. Already the League membership age ranges up to twenty-five; at the last annual Conference it expressed a desire that the limit should be raised to thirty; and now we have Mr. Cole proposing an age limit of forty! At this rate of progress I too, although well past the half-century, may expect to be able to qualify—in a few years' time!

Undoubtedly the League of Youth is doing valuable service for the Labour Movement; but what point is there in making it the equivalent of an additional and independent party? Mr. Cole is misusing terms when he refers to League members as "potential" members of the Labour Party: all League members are or can be members of the Labour Party, with opportunities for putting forward their views and policy within the Party itself—a much larger platform than could ever be afforded by the League. Surely Mr. Cole's orderly mind can visualise the possible consequences of two sets of views and two sets of policies as a result of his proposal to give unlimited freedom and scope to the League. It need not, of course, be assumed that there would be continual opposition between the two, but occasions would certainly arise when vital differences would show themselves—a condition of affairs that would not make for effective action.

Granted that the Labour Movement needs new and younger leaders, what is to prevent the League of Youth, as now constituted, supplying them? The leaders of the future must of necessity come from the young men and women of the Movement. Let them show themselves, therefore, not as a class in reserve, but as active participants in the work of the Party, which has always been ready to listen to anyone, irrespective of age, with a message or a plan.

It may be true that certain views held by the younger members of the Party, as expressed by the League of Youth, are rejected by the parent body, but because a Party majority is opposed to a Party minority is no reason for giving that minority equality of expression apart from the Party. Under the constitution as it stands the League can be made what Mr. Cole calls "a really powerful force," if only its members will take full advantage of their opportunities as members of the Party. Only in that way can the Party as a whole determine who is best qualified to lead.

Finally, and without knowing whether Mr. Cole is under or over forty, I venture the opinion that progress and youth are not synonymous terms: nor do I think that age has any specific relationship to the qualities of leadership. Experience is not without value, while lack of it in a leader would be disastrous.

T. E. NAYLOR

16 South Park Road,
S.W.19.

[We have been obliged to hold over scores of letters on this subject—ED. *N. S. & S.*].

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

SIR,—While thanking Mr. Francis Birrell for his most able and sympathetic review of my book, *The True History of Shakespeare's Sonnets*, may I be allowed to submit that he rather misapprehends my point about the "expense of spirit in a waste of shame" sonnet? When I say, in my book, that this sonnet "epitomises Shakespeare's life-long attitude towards any kind of sexual intercourse outside marriage," I do not mean to convey that the sonnet is in any way connected with marriage, except by implication.

What I meant to say (and I admit that I may not have expressed myself quite clearly) is that in this sonnet Shakespeare expresses great horror and detestation of "lust in action," and I infer from it that he was what, for want of a better word, may be described as "puritanical" about all sex. But obviously this "puritanical" feeling could not be taken to apply to marriage, which Shakespeare constantly exalts and idealises.

Mr. Birrell says that Shakespeare "was extremely 'jumpy' about sex," which is only another and rather milder way of putting the point I intended to make. The only other question on which I would join issue with Mr. Birrell is that concerned with Shakespeare's father. Mr. Birrell says, "there is a good deal of evidence that Shakespeare's father got into trouble at Stratford for his pronounced protestant views." I believe, on the contrary, that it is scarcely disputed that Shakespeare's father was fined for "recusancy." That is to say, he was fined for omitting to attend service in the Protestant Church. In other words, he remained a Catholic, and from this I infer that Shakespeare was probably brought up as a Catholic though he almost certainly "lapsed" as he grew older.

ALFRED DOUGLAS

35 Fourth Avenue,
Hove.

THE PHOENIX BOOK COMPANY

SIR,—May I ask you to explain why you allow your reviewer to give a free advertisement to a competitor to the booksellers proper, in the form of a review (amongst your reviews of *books*) of their catalogue? It seems an extraordinary thing to do. Taken in conjunction with the unfriendly tone of the reviewer's comments on the attitude of booksellers in general to such enterprises as the Phoenix Book Company and the Book Society, this cannot be allowed to pass without some protest.

Any bookseller can show catalogues of far wider and more attractive content than this offer of a selection of the 3*s*. 6*d*. pocket editions, which form part of every booksellers' stock. May we send them all in for review in your columns? Your readers will find them of far greater interest than the list you have honoured, for they represent a real effort to select and classify the best of the *current* literature as well as the classics, ancient and modern; an almost superhuman task. I take your reviewer to be an author—that is a person who (although there are outstanding exceptions) maintains a prejudice against booksellers upon the foundation of complete ignorance of their problems. Without going into these, may I advance reasons to justify some resentment in our attitude towards book companies and book societies in general?

It is probably true, as your reviewer suggests, that most booksellers object to the principle of deferred payment, which they believe to be bad. One may suppose that even the Americans must be giving some thought to this point of view nowadays! Though no financier, may I suggest that nation-wide sales on a deferred payment system, which constitute credit without security on a large scale, must be just as unsound financially as widespread loans from the banks, without security, for the purpose of increasing buying power—which I believe every one is agreed to be a particularly disastrous policy. Booksellers' customers will always find them willing to oblige when circumstances permit, and you will find that an uncomfortably large part of every booksellers' capital is tied up in credit accounts which, especially in these days, often run a great deal longer than any book company would put up with.

There are, however, other good reasons for dismay.

Book companies (who are well-known publishers in disguise) used to confine themselves to specially bound sets of expensive books which were not available to the trade generally, and for which there was a better case for a system of deferred payment; but they have recently adopted a policy of selling ordinary books, both new and standard titles, published singly or in uniform editions. In thus invading the province of the bookseller proper they confine themselves strictly to those classics for which there is a permanent demand, or to important new books, from whose sale the bookseller hopes to reap a large proportion of his slender harvest: in short, they propose to skim the cream of the market, which should come to the bookseller as some reward for his laborious and expensive task of carrying a general and representative stock of the most perishable commodity in existence.

HUBERT M. WILSON
Hon. Sec. London Branch
The Associated Booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland,
7 Ship Tavern Passage,
Gracechurch Street, E.C.3.

[Mr. Wilson's letter raises some important points. There are, of course, serious objections to instalment buying, but they seem to us to apply less to books than to most other commodities. Far from wishing to crab the bookseller, our desire is to see as many books sold and read as possible, and since this method of purchase is likely in any case to increase in the next few years would not the booksellers do better themselves to devise improved methods of selling books than to waste time in deploring a new form of competition?—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

COAL AND MINERS

SIR,—"Critic's" reference in your London Diary to the punishment of unemployed miners in South Wales for "stealing" coal recalls an extraordinary experience of four or five years ago. A ducal contributor to the relief fund (I think, the Lord Mayor's) asked me to investigate the situation in certain villages where relief was not yet being distributed and to report on the most urgent need of those villages. After consultation with officials in Whitehall and with my friend, the late A. J. Cook, I went to a number of villages in South Wales where I saw the local officials of the Miners' Federation and of the Board of Guardians. Their view, and likewise that of the Medical Officers, was that the first thing to be done was to *buy coal* for the unhappy miners who, by our criminal laws of property, were prohibited from getting it for themselves. I so recommended, and the trucks of coal necessary to supply these villages for the winter were duly ordered; but I am afraid my employer was hurt when I resigned my job to stand as a Labour candidate at the next election, explaining that I regarded his millions as a cause of the poverty which his hundreds were directed to relieving. A. E. E. R.

The Royal Automobile Club, S.W.1.

CAVE DRAWINGS

SIR,—The unsatisfying point about Mr. Hughes' highly ingenious and entertaining working hypothesis is that it does not seem really to work. Does he maintain that lust makes a man draw well? It doesn't: vide lavatory walls passion. Or did the caveman draw so well and his degenerate descendant so ill simply because the caveman lusted for a woolly rhinoceros much more than the modern hooligan does for his elvacine Aphrodite? But did he? And how does Mr. Hughes know he did?

STUART HODGSON
News-Chronicle,
19-22, Bouverie St., E.C.4.

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER

SIR,—Our attention has been drawn to the review of the new translation of the Odyssey which appears on p. 449 of a recent issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Unfortunately there is a serious error in the heading which calls for immediate correction. This translation was first published by us last autumn in an edition limited to 530 copies of which 500 were for sale at £12 12s. net. Our edition has remained the only one which may be sold in England as the translator has been consistently averse to the publication here of a cheaper issue. Your reference is clearly to the American reprint published by the New York Branch of the Oxford University Press, the sale of which in this country is an infringement of the English copyright.

We are sure, with the above facts before you, you will wish to correct the erroneous impression as to publisher and price given by your announcement. EMERY WALKER, LTD.

16 Clifford's Inn, E.C.4.

TEACHERS' ANTI-WAR MOVEMENT

SIR,—Sir Reginald Craddock, M.P., is reported in some daily newspapers as having quoted in Parliament a letter in which it was implied that the Teachers' Anti-War Movement was a Communist organisation. Elsewhere in his speech he seemed to be under the impression that this society exists to propagate anti-imperialist ideas among children. Both these implications are entirely without foundation, and I beg leave to inform those many teachers and other educationists who read your journal that the movement is open to all educationists and that it does not contain a majority of Communists either as associates (there is no official membership) or as officials, and that many of its supporters are quite definitely opposed to Communism. The T.A.-W.M. is a body of teachers united on the issue of resistance to war preparations, propagating its ideas, not among children, but among teachers and parents. All teachers are invited to our open committees, and any wishing to receive notices of them should send one shilling for postage for one year to R. McGregor, 20 Wigram Road, E.11. I would be pleased to supply further information.

BEN W. VINCENT,
Hon. Joint Sec.
1 Stanstead Road,
Wanstead, E.11.

A LAPSE INTO BARBARISM

SIR,—With your permission I re-open this discussion. If Mr. Williams-Ellis says he is a professional town-and-country planner, then he is one. He and the Income Tax Authorities are the most likely people to know that, and now we know exactly where he stands—for in saying he was an amateur I did not, of course, call into question his abilities or his qualifications, which are well known.

But that is not the main point of this correspondence. Certain phrases of his review of my book, *Town and Countryside*, bore a defamatory meaning. Did he intend them to bear that meaning or not? T. SHARP

[In reply to this Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis writes as follows.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—I would certainly wish to make it perfectly clear that in my recent review of Mr. Sharp's book I neither intended nor contemplated making the serious charge which seems to have been read into my words. I was flattered at having apparently influenced so excellent a book, and surprised at seeing a photograph of mine used without acknowledgment (though this has now been satisfactorily explained and no blame attaches to Mr. Sharp for it). But certainly no charge of plagiarism was intended, nor could one, in fact, be truthfully made.

I am genuinely grieved that Mr. Sharp should have been distressed by "certain phrases" in what I had imagined he would consider a most cordial review. CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS

The Hotel,
Portmeiron, N. Wales.

Miscellany

THE LION THAT LOST ITS WAY

THIS is not a fairy-tale, though I am almost tempted to start with the traditional Once-upon-a-time. I was wandering off the beaten track in Africa, to be more precise in an obscure corner of the Lango country, when I came upon a lion cub. It was so small that it could lie comfortably in the palm of my hand, and its eyes had not yet opened. Its mother was presumably away hunting, and I was so fascinated with the creature that, sooner than allow the natives who were with me to kill it, I took it away with me. Feeding the cub was an anxious business for the first few days. Cow's milk served through an artificial teat of banana leaves did not agree with it, and in any case the amount of milk it managed to swallow in this way was insignificant. Eventually a goat was found which consented to suckle it, and in a few weeks its daily

ration of milk increased to a dozen goats. It was strange how docile they were in submitting to their unwonted guest, and strange too how careful the cub was not to scratch them with its claws, sharp even at that age, as it clutched their udders. But milk did not suffice it for long, and gradually raw meat was substituted until, to its great content, that was its only diet.

This lion—it never had a name other than *engato*, which only means a lion—stayed with me for over two years, and during the whole time it never once had to be confined or to be punished, and never attempted to molest even a stranger. As a cub it could only be called kittenish. It played just like a kitten, delighting to jump on my shoulder and to lick my hair, or to chew the heels of my shoes. It early learned to climb the centre poles which supported the roof of my mud house, and that was the first time I realised that lions could climb. I came in one evening and found no cub at home, but after a long search and after mobilising all my staff, I discovered it clinging to the top of the pole, too terrified to attempt the downward journey. This surprising feat led me to ask a few questions, and there seemed to be no doubt that lions not only climb trees, the bark of many of which I found to be deeply scored by their claws, but that they thus lie in wait for passing game, the approach of which they can scent more easily from their exalted position. The belief that lions have no sense of scent is as fabulous as many other beliefs concerning wild animals.

Slowly the cub grew up. It became less kittenish. The spotted markings of babyhood began to disappear. It grew a tougher, less furry, coat. It began to take a livelier interest in the world about it and made friends with my dogs. It followed me on my marches and even learned to answer to a whistle, just as a dog might. Its rompings became more boisterous, but with all its growing strength it never lost its kittenish gentleness and never once unsheathed its claws when at play. Only at feeding time did it display a proper sense of resentment at any interference. It soon became well known to all the Lango, as it accompanied me on my travels, and could wander through any village without upsetting the equanimity of the inhabitants.

But a day came when it had to undergo a new experience, and its behaviour showed such a curious blend of obstinacy and intelligence that it is worth recording. The great Panjandrum was inspecting the district next to mine and I was summoned to give account of my stewardship. So off we set on a ninety mile march, Engato and my dogs following along quite cheerfully. All went well till we reached the border of my district, when an urgent summons told me to hurry up, as Himself had to hasten his departure unexpectedly. The last forty miles had therefore to be done in a single day.

This was too much for Engato. He was accustomed to ambling along for fifteen, or at a stretch for twenty, miles a day, and he'd be damned if he would do another inch. It was not that he was tired, but he had formed habits, and no cajoling would induce him to break them. My " boys " were very put out about it, but there was nothing else to be done. So we left him there, some twenty-odd miles from Solot, the station for which I was making, and hoped for the best. We told everyone along the route that Engato was about—for he was a stranger to those parts—and laid a curse on anyone who should venture to molest him. And so I reached Solot minus Engato. Three days later he strolled into Solot, late in the evening, and calmly walked on to the verandah of the Commissioner's house, as if it were the most usual thing in the world. Heaving himself on his hind legs, he flopped with all his weight across my knees, looking up with an absurd grin on his ugly face. As a matter of interest we tracked down his movements, and, incidentally, I anticipated a large bill for damages, as he had had to feed himself during those three days. Considering all things, we did not think two chickens and one sheep excessive. The most interesting point in his movements, however, was that, though he came to us in the evening, he had arrived in Solot in the morning—only to find a *safari* starting out along the road by which he had just come. Assuming that it was mine, he had followed it after a short rest till it reached a camp some fifteen miles away, and then discovered that it was not mine at all, but that of some local official. Then this lion, who had previously refused to exceed his statutory fifteen miles, quickly turned back and returned to Solot, having in that one day covered close on fifty miles. Two problems remain, which I cannot attempt to solve: how did he find his way about a strange country, and how did he manage to track me down, without in the least knowing where I was going? And if scent is the explanation, which I doubt, how was it that he was deceived by the outgoing *safari*? My " boys," who were delighted to see him, said that it was *bahati*—just luck—which is as good an answer as any.

Engato had many adventures during his career with me—his remarkable friendships with other animals must wait for another occasion—but one incident, when he was little more than a cub, probably marked one of the great days in his life. I was in camp, sleeping in a tent. Engato had recently been promoted from sleeping on my bed to sleeping underneath it with the dogs. Hardly had I put out my hurricane lamp, when a full-grown leopard entered the tent, presumably after the dogs. Without a second's hesitation Engato leapt out, and the leopard was so astonished that it turned tail and fled down the path, with the cub gallantly bouncing along in its wake. I had relighted the lamp before Engato returned: so I was able to see the most remarkable exhibition of blatant braggadocio. Words cannot describe the lilt and swagger with which he walked back into the tent. He was fully conscious that he had behaved splendidly, and as he walked he hunched his shoulders forward as if to say, " So much for leopards! Trust me."

J. H. DRIBERG

GOEBBELS AND FURTWÄNGLER

THE recent persecution of Jewish musicians in Germany has two aspects—a general, sociological one and a special musical one. The word " persecution " is a strong one, and I hope that it will prove much too strong to apply to any further action or line of conduct which the present German Government may pursue in the future. No society which persecutes individual members of it can be described as wholly civilised, for persuasion, not persecution, is the instrument of a civilised community in its pursuit of social and cultural aims.

It will be noted that from this point of view the Russian idealists and the German idealists—in so far as they use force or terrorism in the place of persuasion—are equally defective. All the worst persecutors of the past have been idealists and they have all persecuted with the highest motives in the name either of God or the State. It is not my business here to examine the causes of the present nationalist movement in Germany, but the correspondence between the eminent German musician Furtwängler and the Minister of Information, Dr. Goebbels, brings into the foreground the problem of the relation of music and the State, or of art generally and society. Furtwängler, in his protest against the treatment of Jewish musical colleagues, was, as reported in the *Times*, so incautious as to make some general assertions. Dr. Goebbels was not slow to take advantage of this, and the real issue was sidetracked. In my opinion Furtwängler should have restricted himself to making a strong protest against any inhuman treatment of musical colleagues because they happened to be Jews. To go on to say that " the only distinction which he recognises, that between good and bad artists, has been overlooked "—as if the ill-treatment would have been justified were all Jewish musicians bad musicians—is idiotic. Actually, even a musician of Furtwängler's eminence is not entitled to lay down the law as to who is or is not a good musician; and Dr. Goebbels was perfectly entitled to counter with the retort that as a politician " he recognises more than the one distinction between good and bad art drawn by Furtwängler. The art," he continues, " which does not emanate from the

full national life cannot in the end be good or mean anything to the nation for which it is created."

One may subscribe to that statement without agreeing with any particular application of the idea by Dr. Goebbels or the German Government. It is the function of artists, not of Governments, to provide art, and it is an illusion of any Government to imagine that by discrimination against any particular group or sect or race of artists they can influence for the good the art produced. To think otherwise is to believe in the old fallacy of censorship, which has always proved futile and unproductive. The Germans have a great cultural tradition, especially in music. Does Dr. Goebbels or any other politician believe that by attacking Jews they will produce in Germany another Beethoven? Were the great German musicians produced in the past as a result of attacks on the Italians or the French? We all know that it was not so, and that the great German masters were only too eager to learn from outside sources. Bach and Mozart were inspired and vitalised by Italian music, and every great national renaissance in any art has, as history shows, had foreign sources. If it were otherwise there could be no cultural interchange, no spiritual and human communication, between nations. Each would rot isolated and unhappy in the monotony of its own juices.

But that every living art is connected intimately with national life nobody can deny. If music were a wholly abstract and specialised subject, a mere playground for its own professors without meaning or significance for human life, then Furtwängler might say, We, the professors, are the only judges of what is good and what is bad in music, and there is no distinction other than good or bad according to an exact technical definition which we the technicians alone can make. Actually this is not so. There is not even unanimity among contemporary musical experts as to whether Furtwängler himself is a good or a bad musician. Mr. Ernest Newman, for example, thinks him bad. But Mr. Newman is no more likely to be correct than Herr Furtwängler. The dogmatic assertions of any expert are open to the gravest suspicion, and we shall lend our ears more willingly to those who are persuasive than to those who are dogmatic.

Revolutions are caused by the strain at some particular point at a given moment becoming too great to be borne. Then everything is pushed to an extreme, but things never remain at their extreme. The more narrow and fanatically German musical activity became for a time in Germany the more violent would be the reaction. Exclude foreign elements and you only increase the sensitiveness to those foreign elements to a morbid degree. Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that the Jews in Eastern Europe have more talent for instrumental virtuosity in music than their neighbours. It is certainly true—whatever the reason—that if we were to name the best-known six violinists and six pianists among famous living virtuosos, we should find that more than half of them were Jews. If modern Europe were deprived of Jewish virtuosos by law for twenty years I think it is arguable that the standard of virtuosity would seriously decline. But then what a sensation the first Jewish virtuoso who was allowed to appear would make! We should nearly all lose our heads completely and probably over-value his virtuosity at the expense of other musical qualities. We should not notice his defects in our astonished admiration of his new and dazzling virtue. This sort of thing would be constantly happening in art if there were not complete freedom for the development of every kind of human being and every kind of human quality. Now, we know that actually no society possesses this ideal and desirable freedom. We are impoverished in all sorts of ways because for all sorts of reasons young artists are handicapped, being dependent on public taste, on economic opportunities, etc. But to add to these restrictions deliberately by Government action is the utmost folly, from a cultural point of view, that any nation can indulge in. Therefore I can only hope that Dr. Goebbels and his colleagues in the present Government will not long pursue so foolish a policy.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Let Sleeping Gods Lie"

The sleeping god whom Mr. Wilfrid Walter is now awakening at the Gate Theatre Studio is Pan, stimulated by a mischievous nymph into examining the world which has been steadily forgetting him for nineteen hundred years. Unfortunately he is not allowed to come into contact with the world as we know it, but only with a rather dreary expressionistic simulacrum of it. How much weakened intellectually is all satire by the wanton overstressing and shoddy generalising of this method! Let Pan be dumped into a modern drawing-room, cocktail-bar or race-course, and your situation is made. But parade him among a crowd of other empiricisms on two legs, chattering nineteen-to-the-dozen as, fortunately, human beings never do talk, and you will be hard put to maintain even a moderate interest. It is true that Mr. Walter is more concerned with ideas than people; but they are very sketchy ideas, and there are so many of them that all clarity is lost, and one is left clutching feebly at the occasional plums and doing one's best to grope through the lush foliage in which they are buried. Mr. Walter himself is never less than impressive on the stage, and his playing of Pan has its moments of magnificence. The rest of the company does its duty bravely, and Miss Caroline Keith is richly funny during her brief appearance as the President of the Neo-Caudal Society formed by the Americans in honour of the tailed god.

Shallow Profundity

Had the authors of *Beggars in Hell*, at the Garrick, been content to write an ordinary thriller they might have made a completely successful job of it, but having chosen "Service Life in India" as a background they felt compelled to raise a lot of questions and provide a lot of talk that almost ruins the play as an entertainment. A high moral tone is not the point at all, and the cheap philosophising sounds profound but makes sheer nonsense. It belongs to a different, and a worse, play. The characters will not stand it. They are just solid enough to carry out their duties of strangling, being seduced and committing suicide, but when they have to utter rubbishy aphorisms about Life and The Indian Question one hardly cares how many of them die unnatural deaths. Miss Leonora Corbett, who has her share of these poor wise-cracks, weathers the storm well, and shows herself as not only a thoroughly competent, but at times a brilliant actress. Mr. Frank Harvey and Mr. Leon M. Lion also do a great deal to prevent the authors' moral indignation from becoming unbearable. The entertainment value of the play is considerable, but its effect is marred by one's indecision as to whether it is melodrama, propaganda, or just hot air.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, April 21st—
Flower Show, National Rose Society, New Horticultural Hall.
Cecil Lewis on "The Cinema," B.B.C., 6.50.
"Wild Justice," Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

SATURDAY, April 22nd—
Schnabel and Huberman, Beethoven Sonata Recital, Queen's Hall, 3.

SUNDAY, April 23rd—
Prof. F. Aveling on "Man and His Work," Conway Hall, 11.
Shakespeare Birthday Celebrations, Stratford-on-Avon.
Prof. Gilbert Murray, Reading from Euripides. Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, 3.30.
Donald Barber on "The Moscow Trial," Willoughby Hall, 1, Willoughby Road, 7.30.

MONDAY, April 24th—
Courtauld Sargent Concert, London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Bruno Walter, Queen's Hall, 8.15. And on April 25th and 27th.
"Gallows Glorious," Croydon Repertory Theatre.

TUESDAY, April 25th—
Lord Ponsonby on "What the Oxford Resolution Means," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Capt. G. H. L. F. Pitt-Rivers and the Rev. A. H. Gray, Symposium on "Eugenics and Religion," Rooms of the Royal Society, Burlington House, 5.30.

WEDNESDAY, April 26th—
A. L. Rowse, John Strachey and Lord Tavistock on "Economic Planning," Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, 8.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

I BELIEVE every publisher in England is besieged by proposals for anthologies on special subjects: on health or sickness, on lawyers or clergymen, on pet birds or fairies. I remember having seen an anthology of the most famous passages on sleep which was recommended to the publishers as a good bedside book, though I did not feel sure myself that a sleepless man lying awake for hours would wish to read about "The fickle pensioners in Morpheus' train," etcetera. But, apart from being quite unwanted, they are tiresome books, for the anthology is essentially pretentious, being always a selection of the best or the worst, or anyhow the most specially significant remarks on a given subject. Its maker always is aware that he has several moral duties to perform. First of all there is one to the reader, to whom he must give a balanced picture of the best or the worst; then he has one to the poets and authors he quotes, and last of all he has a duty to himself. Because of this the running headline of every page in an anthology might well be: "We needs must love the highest" . . . varied occasionally by "*I* needs must . . . you needn't." This painful sense of duty is the one feature in common between anthologies of every kind, lacking which they become scrapbooks. And as the anthology is a source of irritation, so the scrapbook is a fountain of delight. Its scrappiness and accidental qualities are the essence of its charm. Its maker has been quite free to follow the caprices of his nature, and one feels that in its medley pages one has the key to his character, could one but read the cypher. There is a page in the scrapbook which I know best which has this mysterious fascination in a high degree—a page on which a heavy modern German statue, rather like a nude female Dempsey, in grey cement, is taking a header to the ocean floor while brilliantly coloured angel fish swim around with expressions of vacuous good-breeding upon their faces. If one tries to analyse what makes this page so good, one can only say that it has the irresponsibility of a work of art. No thought of duty came between the child who made it and his impulsive love. The carefully cut-out silhouettes bear the mark of an absorbing passion, and the brush of gloy has fixed them for us for ever.

* * *

Other people's genuinely private diaries, and some photograph albums, have the same irresistible appeal, and in *Immortals at First Hand* (Desmond Harmsworth, 12*s*. 6*d*.) Mr. Cecil Harmsworth has achieved it also. Though he makes a feeble pretence of his book's being an anthology, it is really nothing but a scrapbook limited to one subject: the descriptions of the great by their contemporaries. It is a scrapbook because the compiler completely lacks the anthologist's sense of duty and feelings of responsibility. I do not think that he has ever asked himself what all good anthologists ask their jaded friends: "Whom ought I to leave out? Whom have I forgotten to put in?" There has been no *ought* about the matter at all. He has put in the passages that he liked, and the alphabetical order in which they are arranged introduces an element as chancy as the humour of an ailing child, who sits up in bed and gums Lopokova, holding up one finger in surprise, on the yellow expanse of Daytona beach, dead in the track of Sir Malcolm Campbell, in his Bluebird, travelling at 300 miles an hour. A similar effect is here produced by the juxtaposition of the title-page of Bowdler's Shakespeare and Lady Ritchie's description of Charlotte Brontë. In his Introduction, Mr. Harmsworth excuses himself for the omission of many great names for the following reasons: 1, lack of material, 2, the uninterestingness of illustrious persons, 3, the importance of not working out a pleasant vein to exhaustion, 4, the ignorance of the compiler. Such excuses are amusing and show that he is a pleasantly disingenuous person. He is well aware of the value of the fourth reason that he gives:

> Nobody with the possible exceptions of Lord Macaulay and Dr. Mahaffy has ever known everything. But detected ignorance in an author (or compiler) is an engaging quality which goes to the heart of the well-informed reader. It flatters his vanity; it protuberates his bump of self-esteem. . . . How comes it that such and such an inevitable passage has been omitted, and why, again, is the selection of passages under such and such a name so inadequate? Sometimes the only honest rejoinder to such objections is that of Doctor Johnson: "Ignorance, Madam, pure ignorance."

* * *

It is, of course, impossible to resist such an invitation to air one's superior knowledge, and Mr. Harmsworth has carefully provided his reviewers with an opening. "Is there in existence," he asks, "a written description, by a contemporary, of Shakespeare himself, of Ben Jonson, Spenser, Marlowe, Ford, Beaumont, John Fletcher, Massinger, Dekker, Tourneur, Shirley, Chapman, Heywood, Campion?" To deal with the first four, one can say off-hand that there is Greene's famous: "A tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide," there is William Drummond's account of Conversations with Jonson, among which is Jonson's description of the Irish burning Spenser's castle and of his death. Then there is the coroner's inquisition on Marlowe's body which tells us how the poet died. It is not much, but we learn that after dining and drinking for several hours, with three other spies in the service of Walsingham, Marlowe, who was lying on the bed, started a quarrel with one Frizer about who was to pay the reckoning. Frizer's back was turned and Marlowe pulled out his dagger and stabbed him from behind twice in the head before Frizer could catch the poet's arm and stab him through the eye . . . There is only one passage by Hazlitt. Yet he has spoken admirably on Burke, Chatham, Cobbett, Coleridge, Gifford, Lamb, and has a devastating note on Mrs. Siddons: "Mrs. Siddons always spoke as slow as she ought: she now speaks slower then she did." I should also have liked, myself, to see again the anecdote of her reproving her niece Fanny Kemble in majestic tones for the sin of disobedience and the naughty child looking up into her face and saying: "What fine eyes you have, Aunt Sarah!" But the following passage from H. C. Robinson's diary makes up for that:

> I was in the grand gallery of the Louvre when I heard someone say "Mrs. Siddons is below." I instantly left the Raphaels and the Titians and went in search of her, and my journal says: "I am almost ashamed to confess that the sight of her gave me a delight beyond almost any I have received in Paris." I had never seen her so near before. She was walking with Horace Twiss's mother. I kept as near her as I could with decorum, without appearing to be watching her; yet there was something about her that disturbed. So glorious a head ought not to have been covered with a small chip hat.

Of course, if I had found the passages I have suggested, I should have liked Mr. Harmsworth's book much worse and it would indeed have been much less useful for me. There is nothing to be said whatever for the self-indulgence of meeting "old favourites" in an anthology. Indeed, it is positively harmful to do so, for it is all too easy to think that our old favourites are the whole of literature, instead of a tiny part of it. Thus, the best anthology is the one made from the works of writers one has never read and never will. That is why I welcome here the remarks of Talfourd, Silliman, Jesse, Raikes, Motley and Frith, for I shall never go for them to the originals. An anthologist whose taste is diametrically opposed to one's own on every point will of course satisfy that condition, but at the cost of being irritating beyond endurance. The perfect compiler, on the other hand, will have as many tastes in common with his reader as are compatible with having read as few of the same books. In a friend such a completely different background would prove a barrier to conversation, for one does not want to be always giving or receiving information—and a discussion is better if it can be pointed by references which mean the same to both parties. But Mr. Harmsworth's ignorance, real or feigned, overlaps pleasantly with my knowledge, while the famous passages he quotes are new to me. Lack of reading is perhaps almost more valuable in the reader than in the compiler. But the thrill of their meeting is all too rare.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

Little Man, What Now. By HANS FALLADA. Translated by ERIC SUTTON. *Putnam.* 7s. 6d.

After the Party. By R. D. DORTHY. *Secker.* 6s.

Human Nature. By EDITH WHARTON. *Appleton.* 7s. 6d.

Largo. By P. N. KRASSNOFF. Translated by OLGA VITALI. *Hutchinson.* 8s. 6d.

Tropical Waters. By RONALD FRASER. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

Mutiny. By CHARLES NORDHOFF and JAMES NORMAN HALL. *Chapman and Hall.* 7s. 6d.

In the future the drearier sort of don will no doubt write text-books in which the effects of the slump on literature will be neatly tabulated for the benefit of the more industrious sort of female student. Already some of these effects are apparent. The first ten years of the peace, at any rate in England and France, were a period in which our relief, our hopes and our prosperity were reflected by vigour and enterprise in all the arts. The rebels of before the war found a public eager to appreciate the works of their maturity. Picasso, Matisse, Stravinski, Proust, Gide, Cocteau, Lytton Strachey, Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, Aldous Huxley, Maillol, Corbusier, Freud and Charlie Chaplin—I do not suggest that these artists are all of the same stature, but they and twenty others made a bracing aesthetic climate in the post-war decade. With a few tragic exceptions they are still alive, but the next generation has just failed to appear. Many of the best potential artists of the Nineteen-Thirties were no doubt boys killed in the war, and the younger ones now find themselves in a world too ill for art. The Germans have melted their typewriters into machine-guns, and soon the young French and English may do the same: fiddling while Rome burns is an occupation reserved for emperors. It is not that violinists are usually any good as firemen—probably they only get in the way—but it is difficult to keep your eye fixed on a score in the middle of a conflagration.

The blurb on Herr Fallada's novel describes it fairly: "As *All Quiet* spoke for the young soldier in the war, *Little Man, What Now* speaks for the young man in the workless peace." I do not think it is such a good book as Remarque's, partly because the material is more refractory, for the inferno of war has moments of majesty denied to the colourless limbo of destitution: no Very lights attend the distribution of an inadequate dole. But as *All Quiet* made every civilised reader say, "This must never happen again," *Little Man, What Now* must make him say, "This has got to stop." The war, while it lasted, seemed as impossible to stop as the setting of the sun; and most people have come to regard unemployment with a similar fatalism. But people could have stopped the war—in Russia they did—and there is no need to-day for men to starve in the midst of plenty. Unluckily the despair of the Germans seems to have driven them in the wrong direction, and it is Herr Fallada's Little Man who has given the Nazis their majority. He is the symbol of the black-coated proletariat, a shop-assistant grossly sweated in a big Jewish store, then sacked and sunk into hopeless unemployment. Poverty, love, poverty, marriage, poverty, fatherhood, poverty, overwork, poverty, no work and still worse poverty—this is the life of the Little Man and his wife, a rather foolish but decent pair of ordinary people. Céline's *Voyage au bout de la nuit* was the first great work produced by the slump. *Little Man, What Now* is a far less permanent, but perhaps more influential book. It explains better than any political article I have read what is happening in Germany, and I hope it will have a great success in Mr. Eric Sutton's excellent translation.

After the Party is also in a sense slump literature. But here the subject is not material poverty, but the helpless "lostness" of middle-class people, all their standards and values gone, wondering why they are alive, what individuality is and civilisation, and whether somewhere there is an explanation. A woman goes by laughing with her children, and there is a dead dog on the pavement.

> Life on the hill, she thought, lavish abundant, death round the corner, sudden alarming. What was the meaning? Those faces, so troubled, how could she forget them, the postman's loud voice, the dog still on the pavement? And then Mrs. Bastow, and with her the children, the wind and the sunshine? We're so used to living, no one expects it, Miss Bull said, meaning death. That was the trouble.

Yes, Virginia Woolf, and what Marxists justly call bourgeois disillusionment, but this scepticism is as old as civilisation, and whatever the material success of Communism may be, it will be difficult to breed out the irreligious people who go on asking themselves questions. *After the Party* is an unusually intelligent and well-written novel in the modern manner.

The most enjoyable book of this bunch is *Human Nature*, partly, perhaps, because it is pre-slump, but chiefly because Mrs. Wharton is an enormously accomplished novelist. In comparison with Herr Fallada's cumulation of naturalistic detail and E. M. Dorthy's use of the interior monologue, the stories in *Human Nature* appear in a sense unreal. Often the situations are improbable, the patterns of human behaviour neater than they would be in actuality: Mrs. Wharton, in fact, is intent on shaping her stories into objects. At the same time, the conventions of her form—a form surely as justifiable as that of a sonnet or a French classical drama—positively help her to display an uncanny knowledge of the human heart. She imposes on her characters just the actions that will show their paces. *Human Nature* is a treat for the reviewer because he never has to make allowances, the execution is always as good as the intention. Mrs. Wharton knows her *métier* backwards, and though I don't suggest that young writers should imitate her technique, they could learn a helluva lot from carefully studying it.

General Krassnoff is Whiter than snow, and makes no bones about it. His novel trails with it a swarm of footnotes abusing the Bolsheviks. It should be popular in Germany, for it is the story of a ritual murder by a Jew of a Christian boy, committed in Russia a few years before the war—the notorious Beylis case in fact with the names changed and the facts altered to support the anti-Semite case. The General is a competent but undistinguished writer, and there is a dim nostalgic charm in the picture of pre-war Petersburg, complete with French pastrycooks, steeplechases, and military adulteries—a scene that already seems as remote as a Watteau picnic.

Tropical Waters is a well-written novel about the adventures of two Englishmen who are fascinated on a ship by a Conrad lady, with alarming repercussions from her murderous husband. The South American landscape is admirably described, but the author seems too sophisticated to give us full value in thrills for our money. A slight but enjoyable book.

Finally, I can recommend *Mutiny* to those who do not mind reading history in the form of fiction. It is the tale of the mutiny of the *Bounty*, and the eventual fates of the various members of her crew, told by an imaginary survivor. All the other characters are historical, the authors know the South Seas and the documents, and they write good straightforward narrative. It is a grand story, but I do not see what it gains from being adulterated with fiction.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

A HISTORY OF IDEAS

Adventures of Ideas. By A. N. WHITEHEAD. *Cambridge University Press.* 12s. 6d.

It should be the prayer of every reviewer that, however hardened, he may still know how to recognise a great book when he meets one. This is, as I think, such a book. It is a book entirely in the grand manner; its scope is as wide as the universe; it ranges from the future of cities to the nature of Truth and from the practice of Commerce to a treatment of the Milky Way as a region within "the Receptacle of Appearance"; it deals with great themes greatly and it is distinguished by an original and highly flexible style which, witty, pithy and tender by turns, can always be relied upon in the big moments to match the high nobility of Professor Whitehead's themes. Almost every page contains quotable passages. Here are a couple taken at random to show the writer's quality; the first, on the nineteenth-century identification of "individuality" and "competition" with divine ordinance:—"God had placed his bow in the skies as a symbol; and the strip of colours, rightly read, spelt 'competition.' The prize to be competed for was 'life.' Unsuccessful competitors died; and thus, by a beautiful provision of nature, ceased from constituting a social problem." The second, on the progress of ideas, is in a different vein:—"A great idea in the background of dim consciousness is like a phantom ocean beating upon the shores of human life in successive waves of specialisation. A whole succession of such waves are as dreams slowly doing their work of sapping the base of some cliff of habit: but the seventh wave is a revolution—'And the nations echo round.'"

What is the subject of the book? It is difficult to say. Ostensibly it is a record of the growth and effects of ideas—"throughout this book I propose to consider critically the *sort* of history which ideas can have in the life of humanity." It seeks, for example, to

show what are the factors in western civilisation which constitute a really novel element in human thought and culture. Actually the scope is wider; not only does it include physics, sociology, history, art criticism, anthropology, but each of these is treated from a particular standpoint, the standpoint of philosophy. The book in fact is a sustained attempt to interpret the history of human culture and human thinking in terms of the concepts of Whitehead's metaphysics. What are these?

Briefly, that the universe consists of a basic spatio-temporal flux stamped by the characters of the various objects which inform it. Things are not, therefore, as they appear to be, separate and distinct. They interpenetrate each other. This interpenetration is one of being or essence; things literally are what they are because of the "ingression" into them of all other things. Thus, in physics "the various occasions in nature contribute to each other's natures. The whole environment participates in the nature of each of its occasions." The result is a highly "mixed up" universe in which nothing can be understood apart from metaphysical interpretation, since the nature of everything enters into and determines the nature of anything. The present book is in effect an application of these doctrines to the history of man. There are two main sorts of ideas involved in the formation of an epoch; highly generalised notions, constituting the intellectual climate of the time, "so translucent and so pervading . . . that only by extreme effort can we become aware of it" and specialised notions relating to religion, law, manners, morals, tastes, valuations in which the general forms of thought continually express themselves.

Professor Whitehead considers in turn a number of the great formative ideas of civilisation, and shows how each of these presupposes the unconscious influence of a metaphysical notion for its acceptance. There is, for example, an illuminating discussion of the growth of the idea of freedom and the brotherhood of man from its inception in the work of Plato and the ideology of early Christianity to its partial actualisation in the democracies of the nineteenth century. Professor Whitehead points out that the leading sociological thinkers of the nineteenth century, for example, Bentham and Comte, were anxious to eschew metaphysics and almost defiantly based their thought on scientific method and observed fact. The greatest happiness of the greatest number, for example, was put forward as something concrete, definite and obviously desirable; it was praiseworthy and it was achievable just because there was no metaphysical nonsense about it. Whitehead shows that without a prior metaphysical determination of the relation of abstract forms which recur to real things which occur, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" is a meaningless phrase, or, rather, that it can be made to mean whatever one pleases. In fact, it wins acceptance through the unconscious domination of the notions of brotherhood and freedom which in the nineteenth century had already come to form part of the climate of men's minds. There is another elaborate discussion of the process which has resulted in the substitution, the very occasional substitution, of persuasion for force in human affairs. The upshot of the discussion is that it is only in so far as human beings become capable of revering "that power in virtue of which nature harbours ideal ends" and of pursuing such ends (subsequently identified with Goodness, Truth, Beauty and Peace) that there can be that liberty of thought and action upon which the effectiveness of persuasion as an instrument in human affairs depends. The factors necessary for commercial prosperity, by which Professor Whitehead means the social efficiency of the community, are discussed in a chapter on Foresight. Again a metaphysical conclusion is reached. It is only in so far as the mind of the average man is imbued by a co-ordinating philosophy of life, which in its turn involves the power of generalised thought, that a civilised community can escape decadence, boredom, slackness. Plato announced that in the ideal community philosophers must be kings; Whitehead replies that the citizens must be philosophers.

I have concentrated upon the earlier part of the book because it is in these discussions, which belong to what is ordinarily regarded as the domain of sociology, that the persistent intrusion of metaphysical conceptions is the most striking. These early chapters provide an illustration, one of the most notable since Plato, of the truth that you cannot adequately discuss anything except in the context of a particular philosophical conception of the nature of everything. In the last half of the book, which is concerned with the more orthodox subjects of philosophical discussion—Appearance and Reality, Truth and Beauty, and Civilisation, the application of Whitehead's peculiar metaphysic is more familiar.

It is impossible to attempt a criticism of a book of this kind at short notice; one might as well try to criticise Plato's Republic at a first reading. One must be content with indicating its method and contents. And on the question of method I should like to enter a complaint, not for the first time, against Professor Whitehead's style. I have praised it highly above, but justice demands that the praise should be qualified by the admission that it is often abominably and to my mind unnecessarily obscure. This obscurity affects not only the high rhetorical passages, for example the section with which the book concludes: "It is the immanence of the Great Fact, including this initial Eros and this final Beauty which constitutes the zest of self-forgetful transcendence belonging to Civilisation at its height," and the purely expository, as, for example, the abrupt commencement of the chapter on Truth:—"Truth and Beauty are the great regulative properties in virtue of which Appearance justifies itself to the immediate decision of the experient subject", but the simplest and most occasional sentences. Consider "throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century, *during its central portion*, the intellectual life of England . . . is negligible." (my italics). This sentence, I suggest, means either of two entirely different things, each of which could have been stated clearly. The instance is typical.

C. E. M. JOAD.

A TALE WITHIN A TALE

All Night at Mr. Stanyhurst's. By HUGH EDWARDS. *Jonathan Cape.* 5s.

In his first novel, *Sangoree*, Mr. Hugh Edwards showed distinct originality but suffered from an embarrassment of riches. He gave us the colour and brutality of West Indian trade at the beginning of the nineteenth century—languorous Creole girls, slave auctions, a Chinese lady in the Hergesheimer manner, and plenty of romantic rumbullion. The adventures of William de Loret, who was brought up in southern Ireland during the early days of the French Revolution, were indeed obscured by the tropical blaze and circumstance. But one certainly felt the stirring of days when Toussaint l'Ouverture in his gaudy uniform was proclaiming revolt. In his new story, which is much shorter, Mr. Edwards has disciplined his teeming fancy.

All Night at Mr. Stanyhurst's brings us back to the London of 1783, and it is an elegant example of "period work," although it is too ingenious, perhaps, to be more than a show piece. Were it not for the naughty details this story might have easily pleased our grandmammas, for it shows the victory of virtue over vice. But we can take a sophisticated pleasure in the moral as we take pleasure in the samplars and didactic tales of the past. The exotic luxury of the late eighteenth century with its nabobs and macaronies is set down in dainty detail. Young Mr. Cluny Stanyhurst, who seems to have exhausted most of the poor pleasures which judicious dissipation affords, returns to his chambers to sup with his pretty child-mistress, Lucy Suffren, and the pair are joined at table by a French Abbé who has news of a treasure ship in which Stanyhurst had invested money. The Abbé combines worldly tact with a sentimental devoutness which reminds one of Brother Juniper in Mr. Thornton Wilder's *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. Sherry, turtle, asparagus, a cold bird and candies; claret and champagne, all is very simple and without ceremony. The black butler is efficient, and the discourse, a little diversified by Lucy's daring coquetries, is excellent. Later that night the Abbé introduces his protégé, a young sailor, the sole survivor of the wrecked *Blanchefleur*. As ship's steward, Thomas Pidgeon had not escaped from the pecuniary temptations which the tropical emotions of wealthy passengers placed in his way, but he was to be converted. He tells how he wandered with another Lucy through the African forests and swamps—a veritable *Paul et Virginie* tale. Into the jaded, artificial eighteenth-century atmosphere comes the first waft of the new romanticism: the age of reason has been swept away by the age of sensibility. Dawn comes through the high windows discovering the little group of listeners in their dream of delicious sentiment. Little Lucy forgets the wicked words she whispered to the shocked priest at supper time; Mr. Stanyhurst seems as affected as Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling." Mr. Edwards makes no pretence to give us anything but a fastidious piece of artificially balanced sentiment. His tale within a tale is as compact and as tuneful as a pretty music-box. We recognise the tinkling tune which is produced by the complicated cog-wheels and ratchets. We need not complain that the Abbé has a surprising knowledge of English poetry or that the wet-eyed sailor should

talk like a vernacular Ancient Mariner when, for instance, he describes the mysterious loot in the hold:

> It seemed to make its own light in that place. And it weren't so much yellows, and purples, and greens, and scarlets, and such, you understand. It was like them colours gone enchanted, and wild, and fallen from another world. Gold and silver net it was, seems, and all scraping and slithering like the skin of a fabulous serpent was in the water, and designs wrought in mesh.

The story, in fact, may be taken as a pleasing piece of pastiche. As an artist, Mr. Edwards has not completely freed himself from modern instances, and it would be rash to speculate upon his development when he explores human nature. So far he is captivated by colour and the contrasting patterns of cruelty and sentiment. But this story should interest the discerning and it will probably please, too, the unsophisticated, who may well accept his idyll of two forest lovers among savages for its own sake.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER

My Life and Thought. By ALBERT SCHWEITZER. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

Dr. Schweitzer has been a critic of civilisation all his life. So are most people, from corner boys to dictators; but he differs from the majority of the critics in having thought out a universally applicable remedy for the decay of civilisation which he has not hesitated to put into practice in his own life. Therefore his autobiography even more than his works on ethics is a gage thrown down to the world. It cannot by any sort of means be evaded by the average reader as a book for the specialist. Schweitzer has no doubt often been passed over as sounding too deep, and among the specialists themselves his versatility has told against him. A scholar belonging to so many different groups may be in danger of missing a full acknowledgment from any one of them. Rather than place him too high or too low, theologians are pleased to say what a fine musician Dr. Schweitzer is, musicians to believe in his brilliance as a doctor, and medical men to praise his philosophy. He is like a piece of merchandise which everyone admires but no one comes to the point of buying, feeling that it does not quite fulfil a recognised purpose, fine and rare as it is—or because it is so fine and rare.

Dr. Schweitzer himself does not seem to consider that he is misunderstood or undervalued, but his autobiography is nevertheless a general challenge to readers who are neither musicians, nor philosophers, nor doctors, nor theologians, nor even Christians, but simply people of intelligence.

Even in his youth his ideas and behaviour were marked by boldness and simplicity. As a curate in Strasbourg the shortness of his sermons became such a scandal that he was called to account by the "Inspector in Spiritual Matters." He told the Inspector to explain to the congregation that he was only a poor curate who stopped preaching when he found that he had nothing more to say about the text. In spite of his love for preaching he knew when to stop and how to be silent. Years later he promised the French missionary society under which he wished to work in Central Africa to be as dumb as a carp, since his orthodoxy was suspect, and was so true to his promise that one of the native preachers in the Synod questioned the value of his opinion "because he is not a theologian as we are." In his memoirs of his childhood he says that "the great secret of success is to go through life as a man who never gets used up." Schweitzer has never got used up, neither in his early prodigality, when as a student in Paris he studied philosophy straight through the night until it was time for his morning lesson on the organ with Widor; nor in his later years facing the demands of an overcrowded and under-staffed tropical hospital. Part of the secret of his inexhaustibility must be physical, but a greater part is the sense of proportion which made the curate stop speaking and made the theologian of European fame content and amused to be set aside by an African preacher.

But as this rather bare, entirely unemotional book shows, Schweitzer has never taken any sort of egotistical satisfaction in the fine organisation of his life. It is the most objective of autobiographies. The author seems to have neither vanity nor modesty. He does not trouble to underestimate his own achievements any more than he would wish to underestimate those of another man; and nowhere does he make any suggestion that he considered himself providentially gifted to play a special part in a mission to humanity. He examines the failure of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and expounds his doctrine of reverence for life as a scientist putting forth the results of many years of research.

To realise how comprehensive his research has been one must at least know the outline of his career. He was born in Alsace in 1875 and became a student of Theology and Philosophy eighteen years later at Strasbourg. For twelve years he devoted himself to these subjects, to the practice and study of music, university lecturing and the preaching of religion. His book on Bach appeared in 1905, his *Quest of the Historical Jesus* in 1906. In the autumn of 1905, following a resolution he had made many years before, he began the study of medicine at Strasbourg, and seven years later left Europe to practise as a medical missionary at Lamberene on the Ogowe River. With the outbreak of war he was interned by the French, and on the second day of his internment he began to write his long meditated Philosophy of Civilisation. He was sent to Europe in 1917, returned to Lamberene in 1924, having published in the interval, in spite of illness, *On the Edge of the Primeval Forest*, *The Decay and Restoration of Civilisation*, *Civilisation and Ethics*, *Christianity and the Religions of the World*, and *Memoirs of Childhood and Youth*.

More from the Primeval Forest followed in 1930. Schweitzer takes a long and commonsense view of the African and his education and all the problems of colonisation. The most hardened employers and traders are not more aware than he is of the shortcomings of the average native, but he writes with humour and perception not altogether typical of empire builders, and possesses a background of knowledge not often shared by the missionary. His missionary work and his philosophy are intimately connected. The need for thought is the foundation of his teaching: simpler and less controversial than the structure which he raises upon it—"We must all become religious as the result of reflection." He sees modern man deprived of the habit of thought by propaganda and popular ideas, and deprived of the courage to think because philosophy has become the monopoly of highly-trained specialists. "The value of any philosophy," he says in *The Decay and Restoration of Civilisation*, "is in the last resort to be measured by its capacity, or incapacity, to transform itself into a living philosophy of the people": hence his admiration for the Stoics and the eighteenth century.

But only the book itself can give an accurate idea of the completeness of Dr. Schweitzer's life. There seems to be no uncultivated space, no seed sown that has not in due course—perhaps after many years—come to maturity. One feels that even his brief accidental sight of Clemenceau in a traffic block in the Rue S. Jacques was used to shape his conception of the spirit of this age. With the wisdom of serpents he took £100 in gold to Africa early in 1913, having observed since 1911 the quiet preparations of France and Germany for war. There is so much forethought and there are so few loose ends in his life that the

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PLUS

Plus what?

Plus a little something some others haven't got

whole book is in danger of floating away from us. But just at the end, with uncanny fitness, the Blakean worm lifts its head and speaks. "Only at quite rare moments," says the philosopher of world and life affirmation, "have I felt really glad to be alive." It is the last thing we expect him to say; it sweeps us in a moment from daylight almost too clear to be true into the twilight of the mystery of existence: and yet by it—coming so strangely at the end of this record of achievement, success and service to mankind—our belief in Schweitzer's greatness is established.

LYN LL. IRVINE

NAPOLEON: A COMMENTARY

Napoleon Passes. By CONAL O'RIORDAN. *Arrowsmith.* 8s. 6d.

This book, which the author himself protests is in the nature of a commentary rather than a biography, acts as a strong corrective against the still prevalent tendency towards a Napoleonic "legend." Two of the best modern biographies, those of Professor Rose and Herr Kircheisen, strive to whitewash Napoleon with favourable examinations of his constructive works. Mr. O'Riordan never lets us forget that no single action of his was altruistic, or performed with any other view than to his own glorification and reward; that this ambition, in a private person, is merely odious and mean; that in Napoleon it was a monstrous crime perpetrated at the cost of millions of lives. Mr. O'Riordan's thesis proceeding on these lines, the whitewashed figure of recent biographies is completely tarred and feathered. The spectacle is not a pretty one, but it would be difficult to say that the author was not justified—though possibly the pursuit of his villain even in the tomb itself leaves him open to a touch of the mockery he employs, up to that point, so effectively. Mr. O'Riordan's text is Chateaubriand's: *Bonaparte a passé par le tombeau, comme il a passé partout, sans s'y arrêter.* The attempt to impart colour to this *mot* is more than a trifle grisly.

One cannot help feeling that this study would have been much more convincing if the author had been willing to give the devil his due. It is true that he recognises the wizardry of Napoleon's first Italian campaign, but he qualifies even this with the statement that "without Carnot at Paris slaving continually to supply him with men and munitions, the campaign, despite its brilliant beginning, would soon have collapsed." In connection with the Code Civil he observes that Napoleon "deserves fame for his insistence in breaking down at last the will of the lawyers opposed in their own professional interests to the codification of the laws." But having gone so far he needs must add, "it is impossible to study its pages without feeling ever and again that it was made for rascals by rascals." The Concordat at least regulated the positions of Church and State which had been utterly confused since the revolutionists had suppressed orthodoxy and Larevellière-Lepeaux had been allowed to invent Theophilanthropy. But because Napoleon himself had no religious feeling it is unjust not to give him the merit for making order out of chaos. But Mr. O'Riordan sees only the vileness of including in the catechism the doctrine *extra ecclesiam nulla salus*, and comments:

> That is almost the meanest crime of Napoleon against his fellowmen, that believing in nothing but himself, he brought back for his conveniency the worship of a fetish inferior to himself: so that people might turn gladly from the contemplation of that Moloch to the thought of Napoleon as at least an idol not senselessly vindictive.

Indeed, almost the only good point conceded to Napoleon is that he took no direct pleasure in the sufferings of others. (But indirectly—).

His relations with women, as might have been expected, are severely criticised, and with much justice:

> There was something about him that all women found absurd: only a few actresses make believe in their reminiscences to have been charmed by him. In the other scale be it said he was unchivalrous in word and deed to them. His callousness towards the poor creatures whose favours his position allowed him to command was sickening as that of the heroes of English Restoration Comedy, and with no wit to trick over its beastliness.

That he never understood women is only too evident on the most superficial examination of his dealings with them. But the causes of this hostility probably lie farther back than the outrage to his vanity inflicted by the newly married Josephine's unconcealed infidelity. She was an easy creature to get on with, and her kindnesses were easy to come by. It is a little romantic, therefore, to fancy that he expected from her an easy domesticity as well.

Among women of intelligence only Necker's daughter, it is reasonable to suppose, would not have rejected his advances; but Napoleon, in this case, showed enough discrimination to send her packing off to Coppet.

Napoleon Passes can be recommended to the student and general reader alike. The bias is only placed on the central figure: the characterisation of the others is able, just, and always amusing.

RICHARD STRACHEY

SALONICA

Military Operations in Macedonia, Vol. I, to the Spring of 1917: By Captain CYRIL FALLS. *H.M. Stationery Office.* 12s. 6d. Case of Maps by Major A. F. Becke. 5s. 6d.

From the literary and dramatic point of view, the Macedonian campaign, at least in this its first stage, lacks that unity of interest which is essential to the narrative kind of history. The fault lies not with Captain Falls, who has wrestled bravely with the diversity of his material, but must be blamed on the numerous digressions into other spheres of war and politics which are necessary to explain why the Macedonian campaign happened at all. Out of fifteen chapters the first and second deal with the resistance and defeat of the Serbians before the combined armies of Germany and Austria-Hungary; the seventh and part of the ninth with the intervention of Rumania; and the tenth and fifteenth with that unfortunate series of incidents in Greece which finally led to the abdication of King Constantine. Events such as these, and their bearing on the policies pursued in Paris and London with regard to Salonica, are necessarily treated only in broadest outline. The remaining two-thirds of the book, on the other hand, describe in minute detail those vicarious military operations which culminated, during the spring of 1917, in the stalemate of Doiran. An overabundance of detail is inseparable from, and is justified in, all official histories of the war, whose duty it is to record, rather than to select from, the sum of each nation's effort in the universal epic. But in this particular history the contrast in texture between the chapters deprives the narrative of even that sluggish unity permitted by the recounting of endless tactical dispositions. Possibly when the second volume is published the proportion of detail to broad effect throughout the whole will be revised, and this defect overcome.

In a generation which demands of history either comment so bright as to be absurd or research so profound as to be meaningless, the virtue of a writer whose concern is solely with facts and their practical arrangement comes as a surprise and a pleasure. The British Army seems to breed such writers; their prose has the merit of a medium adapted with perfect economy to its own purpose. Speaking of the Serbian army after its transference from Corfu to Salonica, Captain Falls writes:

> As the survivors of a nation in arms they were salted against disease and the effects of exposure, and their sick rate was found to be far lower than that of any other troops in Macedonia. Nevertheless, the men bore signs of what they had endured, above all the marks of hunger, those lines which are never wholly effaced . . . For a moment British observers doubted whether they had either the mental or physical energy needed for an offensive campaign or the patience to endure without abandoning hope the present stagnant warfare. That view was proved to be incorrect by the Battle of Monastir. The Serbians then showed that their high merits could not be truly assessed by Western European standards and that their efficiency in mountain warfare was worthy of the traditions of their race.

It is not an exciting passage; it might even be called unnoticeable. But it exemplifies, in a high degree, the art of measured statement which an official historian should employ. Occasionally, however, the author allows himself a freer rein. "In its tawdry fashion Salonica undoubtedly was gay, but the tawdriness was more notable than the gaiety; the very women of pleasure were the last reserves in the Army of Aphrodite." The metaphor is proper to a volume of military operations, and its wit derives in a subtle fashion from this austere context.

In his judgment on events Captain Falls is scrupulously just and decently reserved, but shows no hesitation in expressing his opinions and facing moral issues. Such factors in the situation as the personality of General Sarrail, or the divergence between French and English policy in the Near East, are the subject of much unfavourable comment. The Greek question, as between King Constantine and M. Venizelos, is treated with considerable circumspection. But that the behaviour of the French and English on Greek territory needed at the time, and still awaits, a

balanced justification is a fact of which the reader is left in no doubt. The chapters containing accounts of actual battles are difficult to follow without a personal knowledge of the country or exhaustive references to Major Becke's excellent maps. In contrast to them is that entitled "The Working of the Machine," which describes the transport, supply, water, medical and veterinary services, and which holds much of interest even to the layman. References to the brewery installed for British troops in Salonica, or to the disdain with which they received rations of cigarettes made of the finest Turkish tobacco because it was not Virginian, cast an essential light on the man who, in the last event, fought the war and won it for us—the British private soldier.

ROBERT BYRON

A FAMILY OF DIARISTS

Woodforde Papers and Diaries. Edited by DOROTHY HEIGHES WOODFORDE. *Peter Davies.* 10s. 6d.

For three hundred years, it would appear, members of the Woodforde family have kept diaries, and that of the Rev. James Woodforde (1740–1803), edited by Mr. John Beresford, has already been published. In the present volume further family papers are deservedly introduced to the public by Miss Woodforde, and readers of *The Diary of a Country Parson* should turn first to the second section of the book, the diary of his niece Anna ("Nancy"). Nancy, it will be remembered, went to live with her uncle in 1775, when she was eighteen, and stayed with him until his death in 1803, and a very complete picture of her is contained in his writings. There are twenty-seven of Nancy's diaries in existence, and twenty-six of them consist merely of brief, impersonal records of no general interest; the twenty-seventh, which Miss Woodforde has included in her ancestral anthology, covers the year 1792. Mr. Beresford has said that the keynote of the Country Parson's diary is tranquillity, and the same might be said about that of his niece; the resemblance, however, even allowing for the fact that they are describing the same things and the same people at the same time, goes farther than that. There is the same Laodicean love of the good things of life, although the niece is interested in clothes where the uncle is interested in food; and what is, perhaps, more striking, there is the same almost complete lack of introspection—to use the modern jargon, the Woodforde diarists appear to have been entirely "extravert," and, in that, typically English. Both Nancy and the Rev. James Woodforde, it is true, are scrupulous in recording the state of their health, but there is no attempt to analyse their thoughts or emotions or "reactions," partly, it may be, because they were so similar that they both took them for granted. Nevertheless, they are both good judges of character, and agree very well about the Jeans family and their troublesome intrusion. Here is Nancy:

> Mrs. Jeans Breakfasted, din'd, supped and slept here as did her Children and Nurse, cann't say that their Company is very agreable, Mrs. Jeans being a very dull Companion and the Children troublesome. Mrs. Jeans is a good Mother, but she makes too much fuss with her Children. Her Ideas are much too high for her line of Life, she talks of nothing but Drawing Rooms, Lawns and Servants. I wish she was fonder of Needlework.

The Rev. James tersely remarks:

> Mrs. Jeans with her two Daughters, Mary and Caroline, and Nurse, breakfasted, dined, supped, and slept here again—Mary Jeans ill about ten o'clock at Night, vomited a good deal, after that had a small dose of Rhubarb and went to sleep. . . . No tidings of Mr. Jeans as yet, how long they stay with us cannot tell, they only begged to be taken in for 3 or 4 Days and now it is more than a Week. The Children, particularly the smallest, very great trouble, continually a fire above Stairs, washing, etc., etc.

And here is Nancy on herself:

> Mrs. Bodham never calls and Mrs. Jeans is a mear nothing at all and I am determined not to call often on them, and therefore shall spend my time as happy as I can and give up the thought of any Society, thank God I have very good spirits and can always amuse myself with reading, working and walking, which is my chief delight. Pray God continue to bless me with good health and I hope I shall be thankful, as that is the greatest blessing we can enjoy in this Life.

Further comparison leads to the conclusion that Nancy was less careful and complete than her uncle in her record. For instance, in September she makes no mention of the smuggled barrel of rum, the disposal of which was perplexing the Rev. James, and yet a month later she uses some of it in a mixture for her hair, which was falling out! On February 20th Nancy records, "Play at Cards with Uncle in the Evening, won Sixpence," while her

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uncle writes, " At Cribbage this evening with Nancy, neither won or lost." The uncle's memory would seem to be the more reliable, but the inquisitive will regret that during 1792 he does not make one of his not infrequent strictures on his niece as " very pert and saucy " so that they might learn the other, if less accurate, side.

Nancy Woodforde, in truth, is a little disappointing after her uncle, and the same is true of the other members of the family represented in Miss Woodforde's collection. There is, however, much both of human and historical interest in the diary (1684–1690) of Mary Woodforde, second wife of Dr. Samuel Woodforde, and in the brief and practical notes jotted down (1785–1807) by Samuel Woodforde, R.A. The last half of the book recounts the romance of Julia Woodforde and the Trappist Monk in the opening years of last century, and it proves to be an exciting story, whatever views the reader may hold concerning the character of James Power, who escaped from a monastery, filled largely with French refugees, and died nearly four years later during a voyage back from Sierra Leone. His letters make dramatic and pathetic reading, even if they are not untinged with bathos, and it is easy to understand why Julia remained a spinster until her death at a ripe old age, fifty-seven years after she had entered the Trappist monastery at Lulworth " in the guise of what the ladies of Cranford would have called a military man."

Miss Woodforde is to be congratulated on having supplemented the work of Mr. Beresford, and their readers will look forward to the promised publication of her further work on Samuel Woodforde, D.D. (1636–1701), and William Woodforde (1758–1884). Such diaries do not grow on every tree, and so few will mind not being able to see the trees for the Woodfordes.

BRIAN ROBERTS

THE GREAT GENOESE

Colombo. English-German edition. *City of Genoa.*

The purpose of this enormous collection of manuscripts and printed sources, issued in facsimile and transcription with translations and notes in five languages, is merely to prove the Genoese origin of Christopher Columbus—a matter upon which no reasonable person for many years past has felt much doubt. The present volume, in spite of its impressive array of evidence, is not likely to stop the appearance of theories to the contrary; recently a Catalan investigator made Columbus a native of the little village of Genova in Majorca, and someone else even traced him to the Armenian family of Kholumbian. The existence of a young Genoese *lanerius* or wool-weaver, called Christopher Columbus, was already proved to the satisfaction of everyone; the aim here is to connect him indisputably with the middle-aged discoverer. But it will still remain possible for ardent nationalists of other lands than Genoa to deny the validity of statements made in later years by himself or members of his family; there can be no doubt that he was a liar on occasion, and the Genoese family had much to gain by asserting their relationship to him. Considering the evidence dispassionately the relationship seems certain, and the point of interest lies in the rapid change of occupation, from weaving to navigation. Columbus is last heard of as a weaver in Savona in 1473, and he probably arrived in Portugal in 1476. Two years later he was being sent to buy sugar at Madeira for some Genoese merchants at Lisbon. In 1479, on a visit to Genoa, he was asked his age and replied " about 27," and estimated his wealth at " over 100 florins." In 1492 he started the voyage for the Indies, upon which he set his heart as early as 1485. The re-examination of the material throws no new light on this transitional period. The Genoese editors have to bring up the usual motives—his marriage to a discoverer's daughter, familiarity with sailors trading to the Atlantic Islands, with their tales of unknown lands to the west, and the thirst for exploration prevailing in Portugal at that time Yet with hurt pride they complain of the perfectly justifiable saying—" absurd and puerile " are their adjectives—" that if Columbus had not discovered America, someone else would have done so," and they sneer at the " alleged prediscovery of the Vikings, driven by the blind fury of the elements." It is sheer flag-wagging to read the Sagas and still dispute the " allegation "; and while the first knowledge of both Greenland and North America was due to accident, the Norsemen followed it up on each occasion with purposeful and extended voyages of discovery.

The translation has been made by two Englishmen, but does not always bring out the right sense, as they like to render each word by its dictionary equivalent. They reduce one argument to utter fatuity: " Either Christopher Columbus is the person found in the Genoese documents *or he is not*." (The italics are theirs, or rather the original's.) The German text translates the phrase " *or did not exist at all*."

FRANCE FROM THE INSIDE

Modern France. By CICELY HAMILTON. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Miss Hamilton begins with the excellent theory that nearness to a person or a country, and knowledge of them, does not necessarily produce love. The opposite, rather. Are not the pages of English history " red with wars with France "? But hate is the other side of love, and Miss Hamilton, for one, loves France. It is this fact that makes her book valuable, for intelligent love gives a peculiar insight; it goes straight to the point. And the point of modern France is the same point that is piercing into all the nations of the world at this present disastrous moment of history: the decay of agriculture and the triumph, followed by swift collapse, of a machine-made " civilisation."

She shows how the steady departure of the French peasants from the land into the towns has caused an equally steady diminution of the real stock of the nation—a stock which they have sought in vain to supplement by the imported labour of Poles and Italians, an artificial and unsatisfactory measure. Equally artificial and unsatisfactory, except in an entirely temporary aspect, is the measure described in the chapter called " The subsidised child ": the Government grants to large families among the working classes and the efforts of great industrial firms, like Michelin, to stand almost the entire expense of increasing families among their employees.

But the depression has brought to France, as to the other nations involved in it, the cry of " Back to the Land." And here France is at a unique advantage:

> A British policy of Back to the Land would mean vast sums of public money spent in training the machine-minder for the farm and the field. But in France there must be thousands of machine-minders who could take up the work without training . . . because it is only of recent years that she has turned to industry rather than to agriculture.

Further:

> It is not so many decades ago that France might have been all but immune from the effects of the paralysis that is crippling the world and its trade; it is the growth of her industries and industrial population that has exposed her, if to a less degree, to the disease—the slump—the cycle—from which her neighbours have suffered more acutely and longer. Her peasant population can yet draw sustenance from its own property.

Miss Hamilton is a singularly fair-minded writer, and the book makes pleasant reading because of its equable unemotional tone. The chapters on youth, sport, the family, all show a knowledge of France from the inside, which is real knowledge, and rare. But the central theme, so important for France and for all of us, might have been stressed with more force: the collapse of the industrial system and the havoc for which there is only one remedy—the land.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Progress of Julius. By DAPHNE DU MAURIER. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Miss du Maurier's ambitious second novel describes the life of a Jew from his childhood selling rats in the siege of Paris, through boyhood cheating and whoring in Algiers, manhood slave-driving himself, his mistress and employées as a London café-owner, millionaire-hood and fatherhood, to his death. Having used every circumstance and person for his own ends, at fifty Julius finds his match in his daughter, for whom he has conceived a passion. Great care, much detail, is lavished on the portrait, but Julius Lévy remains for the reader a Jew instead of becoming an individual. The total effect of the book is literary, as though it were the result of day-dreaming, novel-reading, and careful construction rather than of imagination working on a unique perception of reality. It is likely to become a best-seller, owing to several of its incidents being what ingenuous people call powerful.

Men and Creatures in Uganda. By SIR JOHN BLAND-SUTTON. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A surgeon should stick to his lancet. This book contains a map which is inaccurate; Uganda is strangely limited to a territory lying between lakes Victoria and Albert Edward; elementary errors of fact abound; comments on men are puerile and on " creatures " hardly less so. Substantially this is an unacknowledged re-issue of *Man and Beast in Eastern Ethiopia*, published in 1911, and we can think of no valid reason for its republication. With a single exception the illustrations have all

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appeared before; the chapters have been slightly rearranged; the index has been enlarged, though the little that was of value has been excluded from this "popular account." A few names have been brought up to date: many have not. The amount of change can be gauged from the following example, the italics indicating what has been omitted from the original text: "Now Lake Victoria is daily traversed by steamers with regular ports of call, engaged in conveying passengers, tourists and cargo, *as safely as on Lake Michigan.*" Or we find "A monograph might be written on the various forms of hair-dressing adopted by the native tribes of Africa," substituted for "the various forms of hair-dressing adopted by the native tribes of Africa would furnish material for a monograph." We should add, too, that "Birds' Bills" are substituted for "Beaks," and "African" for "Ethiopian." But it is hardly honest, or fair on the public, to represent this as a new book by a distinguished surgeon.

History of Germany: People and State Through a Thousand Years. By HERMANN PINNOW. *Allen and Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In the Margin of History. By SIR HARRY LUKE. *Lovat Dickson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

There is something fundamental in the European character or in the physical structure of the Continent that has constantly through the ages repelled men from federation and attracted them to the little state-republic, or principality, or fief, independent in all but name. The books before us, though they have little else in common, illustrate most emphatically this separatist attitude. In his history of the German States—conceived on much the same lines as Green's *Short History of the English People*—Herr Pinnow has demonstrated how continually, despite the deep-rooted feeling of the various peoples that in essential culture they formed a racial unit, the old tribal feeling has prevailed against attempts to make Germany a nation. This history is particularly to be commended to the notice of the general reader, for it reveals Germany, her politics, her people, and her culture from the dissolution of the Carlovingian Empire to the setting up of the post-war Republic with unusual clarity. The book, moreover, is instinct with a broad-minded liberalism that invites a sympathetic reading. Sir Harry Luke writes most agreeably of little states, like the Principalities of Monaco and Liechtenstein, and the Republics of Andorra and San Marino. He also writes of freaks of freedom, illustrated by the stories of men like Orlie de Tounens (the founder of the short-lived kingdom of Araucania on the borders of Argentine and Chile), who have endeavoured to set up principalities of their own in lands not fully incorporated in established states. There are in addition some charming studies in miniature of Franconian towns and a brief record of the changes which the war has brought about on the Dalmatian coast.

The Art and Craft of Writing. By J. W. MARRIOTT. *Harrap.* 5*s.*

Mr. Marriott's book is written for young people between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five who have a mind to become authors. Here they will find sound and stimulating advice on the general principles of writing, the construction of articles and short stories, and even a hint or two on tackling novels. If most of these lessons on craft have been given many times before, the author brings them up to date by taking examples from Lawrence, Priestley and Linklater, together with the time-honoured classics. It is harder to teach art than craft, but Mr. Marriott, keenly aware that he is analysing the undissectable, shows a decided individuality and perception in his treatment of such aspects as "The Rhythms of Prose" and "The Beauty of Words." Nor is it his fault that in discussing originality he is led into repeating unoriginal remarks about the artist's sensitive mind and the intense vitality of genius. This subject is the holy of holies to the novice, for whom this book is meant; the phrases inspire him with enthusiasm if not with art. Not until later in his career does he abandon the self-conscious effort to reach "genius" in favour of a quiet attention to the work in hand.

Are you a 'YES' man? or a 'NO' man?

The Yes-folk will agree with almost anything. They are subservient to every strong will they encounter. They bow to mere weight of opinion. Their motto is, "Anything for a quiet life!" The No-folk are pugnaciously disposed to disagree with everything and with everybody. They are quick to contradict flatly. Their motto is, "I have a will of my own."

But between these extremes are the sensible fellows who are always open to conviction. True, they demand practical proof before expressing an opinion—but that is reasonable. In the "great little things" of daily life they are, of course, equally amenable to proof. Take, for instance, shaving. If it be asserted that there is a shaving cream unsurpassed in quality, in richness of lather, and in all the functions which a shaving cream is expected to perform, they will say, "Very well—let us try it. Experience will deny or confirm that claim."

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So, we suggest that you send to the address below for a free trial tube of Parke-Davis Shaving Cream. It will be sufficient for a week's shaving, and it will prove its own merit. Afterwards, you will purchase the large 1/6d. tube regularly from your chemist. A postcard to Euthymol, Box 119/18, 50, Beak Street, W.1—will start the sample tube on its journey to you.

About Motoring

THE M.G. MAGNETTE VICTORIES

LOGIC and popular psychology have been too much for Sir William Morris. There was a time when he frowned on motor racing. From a purely commercial standpoint it is hardly necessary for a factory to race. Racing firms unquestionably acquire knowledge momentarily denied to less sedate concerns. But if you operate a mass-production plant you cannot change your patterns at short notice; and the information garnered on the race track can be obtained and applied in plenty of time to serve big production. Frankly, if I were building 1,000 cars a week I should not race; it would be cheaper and quite as efficient to let other firms conduct these expensive experiments, and to apply their results to my touring products of next year or the year after. However, a certain Cecil Kimber in the very early days defied Sir William by faking a standard Morris and winning speed prizes with it. Sporting undergraduates and others began to demand duplicates of Kimber's car, and anon he began to make money by supplying such duplicates. His business grew. Sir William financed it. The small works grew into bigger works, and some years ago a new factory was laid out at Abingdon for the construction of these "M.G." cars, which to-day bring a pleasant annual profit to Sir William, and have practically killed the sales of small foreign sports cars in these islands. They are quite astonishingly good, and have won almost every race open to them. Early this month they astounded Italy by winning with consummate ease their class in that curious Italian race known as the *Mille Miglia* or Thousand Miles. Italy is an amazing land for motorists. If you organise a road reliability trial in Italy, and get the ear of authority, they encourage you to drive at fantastic speeds, and do their best to clear the roads for you. There is no legal closing of the roads, such as the Isle of Man will arrange for any profitable visitors; but in practice the roads are closed, or nearly so. In the tiniest villages they mobilise everybody entitled to a uniform, from the firemen upwards; they lash poles or ladders across the mouths of side roads, drive the populace into their houses or on to the pavement, and exhort you to thread their narrow, twisty streets at sixty or eighty miles an hour. Thus in this Thousand Miles race they encourage track-racing cars to travel on public roads at 120 miles an hour, and temporarily suspend their normally ferocious penalties for injury to vehicles and pedestrians; and the populace enters passionately into the crazy swirl, and makes no apparent protest. In fact, they regard a motor race over open and public roads much as a pre-war Irish peasant regarded a hunt. Three small M.G. cars, rated at 12 h.p., were driven by Sir Henry Birkin, Earl Howe and George Eyston respectively. Birkin took the role of the hare, and averaged eighty-four miles an hour till his optimism provoked engine trouble, and he retired; but Howe and Eyston kept going rather more modestly, and defeated such formidable opponents as Fiat and Maserati, averaging nearly fifty-seven miles an hour for eighteen continuous hours over a route which includes much tricky going, a complete night, and plenty of Alpine foothills. Their time was gross time, covering fuel replenishments, tyre changes, and the like. All three cars were capable of over 100 m.p.h. despite their tiny engines; and the combination of speed with stamina indicates

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the technical heights to which these engines have attained. Incidentally, all three cars were fitted with the Wilson pre-selector gear box, already famous on Daimler and Armstrong-Siddeley touring chassis, and now ranking as almost indispensable for road-racing.

By an odd coincidence I devoted this same week-end to the latest touring version of this car, the "L" type Magna M.G., which is sold as an open four-seater or as a salonette, whilst a third body option, to be known as the Continental coupé, will be released in six weeks or so. I am not prepared to recommend this very small and incredibly lively car for use by corpulent people. Its track is no wider than 3ft. 6in. and the standard coachwork has been kept light in weight and narrow in profile, so that speed shall not be sacrificed. But there is no pleasanter car on the road for 10st. motorists, and a quartette of 12st. men or women would not make too portly a crew for either model. Naturally, only persons of intelligence and humanity should buy and drive fast cars. But if we assume an owner who can be trusted with speed capacities, this "L" Magna is a marvel. On the highest of its four gears it will reach eighty miles an hour, though the salonette model costs no more than £345. Full engine revolutions should be sparingly employed on the lower gears. On third a speed of seventy is possible, but no sane driver would expect an engine to run for more than a few seconds at such a gait, and as a rule one would change up to top at 50–55 m.p.h., or even less. On second gear the engine will survive brief bursts at 50 miles an hour, though here again sanity suggests changing up at thirty-five or so. Over the whole of this speed range, which extends in a downward direction to a mere crawl, the engine is smooth and reasonably quiet. This liveliness of performance possesses a real charm, familiar to everybody who has flown, or to ex-motor cyclists, with memories of the colossal acceleration accompanying a high power to weight ratio.

With the vivacity are combined other definite virtues. The suspension is particularly miraculous. The shock absorbers are not equipped with telecontrol, as one might desire; but though they must be set on the tight side to give firm steering at high speed, the car rides well at traffic speeds. The brakes are adequate for the higher speeds, and the car steers precisely and accurately on uneven roads at all rational speeds. The coachwork is of good quality, cleverly designed for comfort, and smart in its lines. The chassis is built so low that in fast cornering there is no tendency to slide or to overturn. I view with some apprehension the modern tendency to turn out excessively fast cars at prices within the reach of almost any motorist, a tendency which will generate new dangers when such cars become available second or third hand at bargain prices. But from the purely technical standpoint these small cars are genuine miracles, and a credit to the industry.

R. E. DAVIDSON

A PLAIN TALK TO THE MIDDLE-AGED

At the age of forty or so it frequently happens that men and women find themselves suffering from acidity, heartburn, or flatulence after meals, they develop a "liver," and get pains in the right side and often across the loins. Reddish grains of uric acid are sometimes passed, and there may be a stiffness and pain in muscles and joints, especially when the weather is damp, chilly, and changeable. The reason for these symptoms is that the system is retaining too much uric acid. If perfect health is to be maintained, uric acid must be kept within normal amount.

This is vitally important as middle age is approached, because it is then that the organs of elimination grow sluggish and lax in their duty and rheumatic and gouty infirmities lay hold. Harmful fat accumulates, and dangerous deposits harden the arteries, with resultant high blood pressure, strain on the heart and risk of strokes.

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Take a Varalette three times daily, in water or any beverage, and note the benefit. Bishop's Varalettes will neutralise the uric acid in your blood, they will clear your circulation and correct the pernicious state of over-acidity. Your digestive powers will improve, your faculties will clear, and you will experience a fine sense of physical and mental fitness, and feel younger by years than you have felt for a long time. "As if a load had fallen from the back and a cloud lifted from the brain."

Every man and woman should read the enlightening booklet issued by the makers of Bishop's Varalettes. It gives a wealth of helpful information for rheumatic and gouty sufferers, also authoritative guidance in the matter of diet. A copy will be gladly sent gratis and post free on receipt of a postcard asking for Booklet NS, and addressed: Alfred Bishop, Ltd., 48 Spelman Street, London, E.1. Bishop's Varalettes are sold by all chemists at 1/6, 3/-, and 7/- (30 days' treatment), or direct, post free, from the makers as above.

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Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 17.—A LEAP IN THE DARK.

On 30th November last year *The Evening Messenger* gave the following items of news in the Late Extra Edition:—

SENSATIONAL RAID ON JEWELLERS' SHOP.

Late this afternoon a sensational raid was made on Messrs. Goldbeater's shop in Spawn Avenue, Tadpole. Three men well-known to the police, commonly known as Flash, Smash and Grabbem, were seen to get away in that order on their motor cycles. An order for their arrest was issued immediately and all stations were warned that only armed police must attempt to arrest the fugitives. The police are convinced that they are making for Frogton, en route to which there are four towns each with a by-pass road. It is understood that armed police are available for each town, either at the station in the town or at the station in the by-pass road, but not at both, and at no other place en route. Nevertheless the police are quite hopeful that they will succeed in arresting all three of the men.

On reading this I began to wonder what chance Grabbem had of getting through to Frogton, assuming that the fugitives maintain the order in which they started, that each is equally likely to take the road through a town or its by-pass road, and that the police at any station would succeed in arresting only the first of the men who came their way.

WHAT IN FACT IS GRABBEM'S CHANCE ON THESE ASSUMPTIONS?

PROBLEM 15.—CARDINAL'S HAT.

THE CARDINAL'S HAT IS THE FOURTH HOLE.

The problem is readily solved by trial and error. It involves consideration (1) of various possible combinations of holes won and lost; (2) of the financial consequences to Monibags of the various arrangements of these. It will then be apparent that Monibags lost, in one match, a sequence of 3 holes and a sequence of 5 holes (£21 in all), and in each of the other matches two sequences of 3 holes and one isolated hole (£13 in all). On this basis, the Cardinal's Hat could be either the 4th or the 6th; but, if it is the 6th, Monibags must lose the Willows once, and we are told he won it each time. Hence the Cardinal's Hat can only be the *fourth*.

PROBLEM 14.—THE ANARCHISTS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to: K. A. Stott, "Pendennis," Singleton Road, Salford, 7.

There were 75 correct and 39 incorrect solutions.

On the cumulative-point basis, *seven* points are awarded for this problem.

PROBLEM 13.—APHRODITE

Six points are awarded for this problem.

NOTE.—I have had enquiries from both Canada and Australia as to the admissibility of solutions from these Dominions. Provided they are despatched within 10 days of the receipt of the issue which contains the problem, they will count towards the "cumulative-point" prizes. They will also be eligible for the Low's cartoon awarded in the week when they are received.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM-SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition a record is kept of the names of senders of all correct solutions submitted. All solvers qualify for book prizes on a cumulative-point basis. For particulars see THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of December 24th.

Solutions to the current problem must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than the next Tuesday but one after the date of publication.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

HOME RAILS AND THE BILL—COMBINES AND UNILEVER—INSURANCE SHARES

HAVING travelled by road to and from his Easter retreat, the holder of home railway stocks was no doubt prepared to grumble about the state of his market on Tuesday. But the market improved. On the eve of the holiday the authorities, indifferent as usual to the convenience of financial journalists, had published the text of the Road and Rail Traffic Bill. Someone—the secretary of a Scottish trust perhaps—must have stayed at home to study it and so surprised the market with buying orders at its reopening. The importance of the Bill is that it gives the railway companies power to fight for traffic against their road competitors. At present they cannot quote a trader a "flat" rate for the carriage of his merchandise. Under the Bill the Railway Rates Tribunal is empowered to approve any rate which may be agreed between railway and trader to enable the railway company not only to retain but to *secure* traffic. The licensing of road hauliers—those already in business are not to be refused licences—is of secondary importance as compared with the freedom of a railway company to quote a cut "flat" rate in order to capture business. Coming with the approval of the Minister of Transport to the scheme for the pooling of all railway receipts in respect of which there is competition between the railway companies concerned, the Road and Rail Traffic Bill should put fresh heart in the home railway market. The Budget, if it increases the scale of licence duties payable by heavy road vehicles as recommended by the Salter Committee, should be the next stage in the recovery. The final stage is, of course, an actual increase in traffic receipts. This may be many weary months ahead, but the Stock Exchange loves to anticipate.

* * *

There is, of course, another side to the home railway picture. If no check is imposed to the decline in railway receipts this year, if the limit of large-scale economies has been reached, the London and North Eastern will fall down on its guaranteed stock dividends and the London, Midland and Scottish and Great Western will again fail to earn their preference dividends in full. On the basis of 1932 earnings, there are a number of "switches" which may be considered. For example, sell Great Western 5 per cent. consolidated preference stock at 75 and buy London, Midland and Scottish 4 per cent. preference (now receiving 3 per cent.) at 39½. Last year only 4.3 per cent. was earned on the former and 3.2 per cent. on the latter. The dividend and earnings yields are as follows :—

		1932.			
	Price.	Earned %	Divs. %	Earnings Yield %.	Div. Yield %.
Great Western 5% cons. pref. stock ..	75	4.3	5	£5 14 8	£6 13 4
London, Midland and Scottish 4% pref...	39½	3.2	3	£8 2 0	£7 11 11

Quite apart from this exchange, a purchase of London, Midland and Scottish preference stock would seem to be the best way of speculating upon the helpfulness of the Road and Rail Traffic Bill.

* * *

If the great industrial combinations wish to remain on good terms with Government and public they must present model accounts. Unfortunately they all fight shy of presenting consolidated trading accounts which alone can give a true record of their earning power. This year we have nothing to add to previous criticisms of Imperial Chemical Industries, except to congratulate the directors, first, on their good sense in restoring the wage cuts which were made by agreement with the workers in 1931; secondly, upon their good management in showing a 43 per cent. increase in trading profits in a period when the output of the British chemical trades increased by only 1 per cent. (The absence of consolidated trading accounts makes even this comparison dangerous). As regards Unilever, the 1932 accounts of the two holding companies are, as usual, unintelligible. The accounts of the six principal subsidiaries (including Lever Brothers) show that of approximately £9 millions net profits (taking the florin at par) approximately £6 millions, or 66⅔ per cent., was required for preference and preferred ordinary dividends. Moreover, there are other deductions for reserves, contingency and minority interests before dividends are paid on the ordinary shares held by the holding companies, Unilever, Ltd., and Unilever, N.V. This indicates that the Unilever ordinary shares are an extremely weak type of "equity" investment in a period of trade depression. At the moment the Unilever companies are severely hit by the German Government's prohibition of the import of foreign margarine, for it is understood that Germany represents about 25 per cent. of the Unilever business. Moreover, the attraction of a rise in raw material prices is no longer present, the current prices of vegetable oils and whale oil being well below the level of December, 1931. An exchange might well be considered from Unilever ordinary shares at 23s. 9d. to a less complex "equity"—for instance, a gold share while the market is depressed by another false alarm about the sterling price of gold.

* * *

It is remarkable that the index of the market prices of first-class insurance shares generally moves with the index in long-dated British Government securities. It is difficult to understand the logic of the Stock Exchange in valuing insurance shares on such a basis. An insurance company lives by income, not by capital appreciation, and at the present time it has to face reductions in its interest income as a result of conversion operations. Further, its interest income is affected by its underwriting business. The interest is derived not only from the investment of the subscribed capital, funds and undivided profits of the past, but from the investment of the current premiums received. Thus the interest earnings are partly dependent on the volume of business transacted. The "bull" of insurance shares is therefore relying for the maintenance of his dividends on the business being operated without loss, on the scale of operations being maintained, and on the fall in the rate of interest being offset by an increase in new business. A tall order! It is generally true to say that 1932 was a good year for life business, a poor year for home fire and general business and a very bad year for American fire and accident business. No fear need be felt that British companies operating in the United States have suffered as badly as American companies, but it is too much to hope that they have passed through 1932 unscathed. We would therefore confine attention to the shares of companies whose business is mainly life and particularly those of the industrial life companies, as for example :—

	Present Price.	Divs. Paid.	Yield % (net).	Yield % (gross).
Prudential "A" £1 fully paid*	28¾	18/4½ free	£3 4 0	£4 5 4
Pearl £, fully paid	15 7/16	50% free	£3 4 10	£4 6 5
Britannic £1 fully paid ..	16 9/16	50% free	£3 0 5	£4 0 6

* "A" shares also receive 25% of profits of General Branch.

The industrial life offices have quite as much to gain as the composite offices from better trade.

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